

POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

CASH

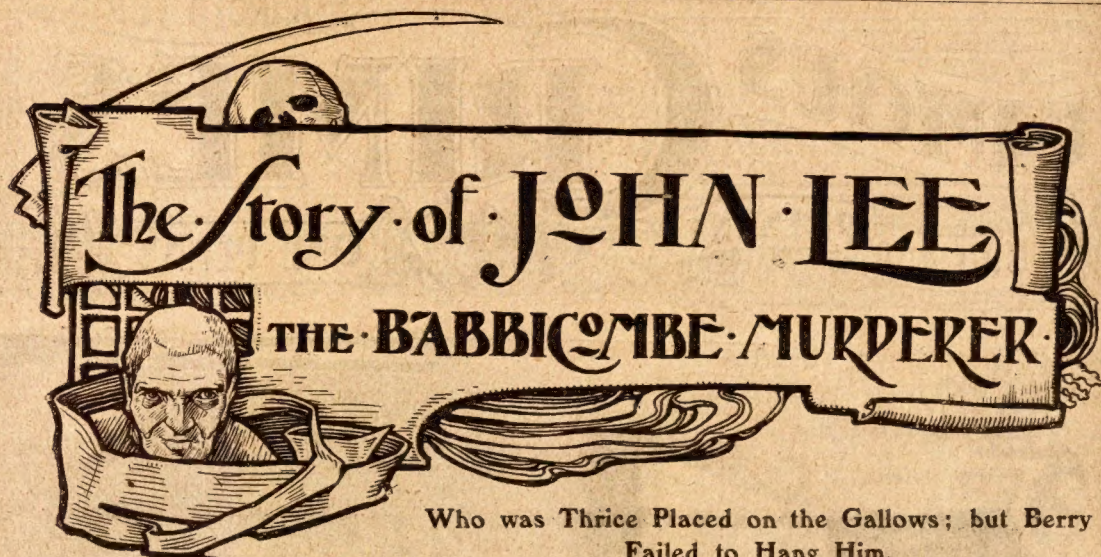
POISON

ONE · PENNY

POWDER



THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF MISS KEYSE.



"Ah, what a sign it is of evil life
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!"

—HENRY IV.

SOME years ago a pleasant, rustic cottage called the "Glen" was situated in the little village of Babbicombe, a few miles out of Torquay. It was small, compact, and picturesque, had a thatched roof, and consisted of two storeys. It stood at the bottom of a cliff directly facing the sea, and nearly on a level with the beach.

In this sequestered retreat, removed as it was from all the traffic and excitement of town life, lived a maiden lady named Miss Keyse. She was sixty-eight years of age, of quiet and refined tastes, and was of a benevolent disposition.

Her peaceful life at the "Glen" was shared only by her servants, two of whom had been in her employment forty years. These two females, Eliza and Jane Neck, were sisters, and, having grown old in the service of their beloved mistress, it is easy to understand that they became to her companions and friends, rather than domestics.

The establishment owned one other woman servant, a girl of the name of Elizabeth Harris, pretty and rather disposed to be (so the neighbours said) of "a flighty disposition."

She had a half-brother, John Lee, who, as a boy, had also been in Miss Keyse's employ. But Lee, grown to the age of sixteen, developed a vagrant nature, and wandered away to all sorts of jobs and situations.

One day, in January, 1884, Elizabeth Harris came to her mistress with a pitiable tale of her half-brother's plight. He was without work and seemed likely to starve, besides which he had, unfortunately, lost his character. Miss Keyse witnessed with emotion Elizabeth's evident distress. The old lady's philanthropic inclinations were touched to compassion on hearing this story about one whose youth had been spent under her roof. She determined to take Lee back into her household, giving him board and lodging, with the nominal wages of half-a-crown a week.

John Lee accepted Miss Keyse's offer with seeming alacrity. She warned him beforehand that his wages would be merely nominal, but at the same time explained that if he liked to accept the situation for a short time it would enable him to obtain a character and thus start him once more in the world on a footing with his fellows. So Lee came back to Miss Keyse, and worked as gardener there for a short period with a good will and a cheerful

countenance. After a lapse of some months, however, he developed a moody discontent, which grew as the duration of his service lengthened.

He explained to his fellow-domestics, Elizabeth Harris and the two sisters Jane and Eliza Neck, that he was wishful to better his condition. He was tired of doing the labour that is exacted from an able-bodied man for the wages of a boy. He wished to depart for a new situation, where he would be paid in accordance with his years and acquirements. However, no berth of the description Lee required offering itself, he was forced to continue his present occupation, which was really but light and desultory. His temper became more and more unsettled. He neglected his little duties, became slovenly in his attire, and surly in his demeanour. Jane or Eliza Neck, having remonstrated with Lee, complained of his conduct to Miss Keyse.

The old lady, grieved and disappointed though she was at his behaviour, was still unwishful to dismiss him without a character, and until his conduct had mended she felt she could not conscientiously give him one. She, therefore, after speaking sharply, retained him in her service, reducing his wages to two shillings a week.

Poor Miss Keyse! But for her exacting conscience she might have ended her peaceful days in quiet and natural rest.

This reduction of wages angered Lee violently. One day while out walking he met the local postman.

"I must leave the place where I am," said he; "I want a fresh job."

"Suppose you don't get a character?" asked the postman.

"Somebody will have to suffer for it if I don't. I would burn the house to the ground."

Once when alone with Elizabeth Harris he burst into a fierce denunciation of Miss Keyse's decision to reduce his weekly wage. "If she's not careful I'll do for her," said Lee.

The girl laughed; she did not take her half-brother seriously.

On the 15th of November, 1884, Elizabeth Harris felt unwell. Throughout the day she suffered from headache and acute dizziness. Old Miss Keyse, who was always kind to her servants, told the girl to leave her work and go to bed, and to bed she went about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Lee was at this time out. No one was moving about the house but Miss Keyse and Jane and Eliza Neck.

The events which shortly afterwards followed make it necessary that the geography of the little cottage should be



A pitiable tale of her half-brother's plight.

explained. The house consisted of two storeys. On the ground floor there was a dining-room, drawing-room, kitchen, and offices. Lee slept on this floor in a small pantry immediately adjoining the kitchen. This pantry was narrow and without furniture, except for the bed upon which he slept, and this being a folding one, completely filled the room when let down for the night.

On the farther side of the bed from the kitchen were two cupboards filled with household utensils, and it was impossible for these cupboards to be reached at night by anyone, except by kneeling on Lee's bed, which would be, of course, at that time occupied. Miss Keyse's sleeping apartment was also on this floor.

The second storey of the house consisted entirely of bedrooms. One of these was occupied by Elizabeth Harris, the second by the two Necks, and the third, over the dining-room, remained empty.

It is now time that we should return to the 15th of November, 1884. Lee, who had been out on some business, returned in time for evening prayers, which were regularly held in Miss Keyse's household. He was as devout as ever at his devotions, and almost immediately on their conclusion retired to rest. Miss Keyse sat up comparatively late in the night. Jane Neck, the oldest and most familiar of Miss Keyse's servitors, as usual, went round the house, bolted all the doors, and fastened the window shutters. She then took a hot water bottle and a cup of cocoa to Miss Keyse's bedroom. That lady was busily writing in her diary—one of her most favourite diversions, although it is hard to imagine with what matter she filled the pages, seeing how quietly uneventful were her days. She told Jane Neck that there was no further need for her to remain up, and dismissed her, having bid the old servant an affectionate good-night. After this the house was wrapt in the customary silence of sleep.

Between three and four in the November morning

Elizabeth Harris began to stir in her bed. She became restless and coughed repeatedly. It seemed to her in her dreams that by some means or other she was being gradually suffocated.

She awoke with a sudden start and sat up. Her room was filling with smoke. Dense clouds of vapour rolled in upon her through the door, and she was conscious of an overpowering smell of fire. With a piercing shriek she fled from the room and ran, in her nightdress, to the apartment occupied by the two Necks. The sisters were fast asleep. Hastily Elizabeth aroused them.

"Get up at once!" she cried; "the house is burning!"

The staircase that led to the ground floor of the dwelling was well-nigh impassable, thick volumes of smoke pouring up into the higher storey. However, Eliza Neck ran down, groping her way towards the dining-room. She heard Lee moving about, though in what direction it was quite impossible for her to determine.

"What's the matter?" she heard him call out in a thick, choked voice. Eliza now rushed into the dining-room. A spectacle of appalling horror met her gaze.

In the middle of the room lay the body of Miss Keyse lying in a heap of smouldering debris. Going nearer, she found Miss Keyse had not been burnt to death. Her head had been nearly cut off—practically severed from the body by a gash across the throat. Eliza gave vent to the most agonising screams. She felt she must faint, and it was only a supreme effort of will power that restrained her from utterly collapsing.

John Lee was now by her side apparently dumb with horror at the terrible spectacle. Eliza at once told him to run to the Carey Arms public-house, their nearest neighbour, for assistance. He did not, however, immediately comply with her request. Elizabeth Harris and Jane Neck were then descending the stairs, and Lee went to



He met the local postman.

assist the latter, who seemed quite overpowered by the density of the smoke. He put his arm round her waist and took hold of her arm. By this time Eliza Neck had opened the dining-room windows and shutters. In her wild despair she rushed out on to the lawn and called

loudly into the night for help. Receiving no answer, she returned to the room, where Elizabeth and Jane stood rivetted in horror, staring at their murdered and mutilated mistress. Eliza once more implored John to run to the Carey Arms, some little distance up the cliff. This time he did as he was asked, and went forth hastily to apprise the host of the terrible tragedy.

When the landlord, Mr. Walling, came out in response to Lee's shouts and knocks, he found the latter in tears.

He told his tale in faltering accents, and seemed heart-broken: "I have lost my best friend," he said, as the two men hurried towards the stricken household.

Mr. Walling arrived at the "Glen," and learned that Jane Neck had examined the doors and windows during Lee's absence. Strangely enough, they were all as she had left them on the previous evening: bolted and barred.

cut away the wooden rafters that ran along the old-fashioned ceiling.

He called for a hatchet, and Lee quickly brought him one. The women servants noticed that this hatchet was one never before seen in the house, having been always kept out of doors for wood chopping and kindred purposes.

About this time the police arrived, and immediately instituted a careful examination of the premises. Outside the dining-room was a large pool of blood, and one of the chairs in this apartment they found covered with half-dried blood. In the hall was a hair comb, and on the lower steps of the staircase they discerned several spots of candle grease. The burnt paper which had been heaped around the body was saturated with paraffin, and paraffin was also on various articles of furniture. It was clear that the fire was the work of an incendiary, this being proved by



THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

Since the murder the beautiful cottage has been demolished

This seemed to point plainly enough to the fact that the murderer, whoever he might be, had not effected an entrance into the dwelling from the outside. The inn-keeper found around Miss Keyse's body a heap of burnt paper placed there evidently to effectually consume the body of the murdered woman. This paper smelt strongly of paraffin oil, and there were indications on the furniture that oil had been poured upon the chairs also, and that the fire had been smouldering for some considerable time. Mr. Walling at once started to remove the body. The limbs of the corpse were much burnt and already stiffening.

All the blood had practically been drained from the body of the dead woman. The remains of Miss Keyse were taken up and placed on the stones outside the kitchen.

Now was not the time for conjecture of any description, and Mr. Walling forthwith set about finally extinguishing the still smouldering fire. To do this he determined to

the fact that a conflagration had been also started in Miss Keyse's bedroom entirely separate from the one in the dining-room.

The police found in one of the kitchen drawers a knife which had usually been kept in the conservatory. This knife was freely stained with blood, and in the drawer by its side some paper was found, also stained, with which, in all probability, the murderer had tried to clean the knife free from all traces of his crime.

A spot of fresh blood was in the drawer itself. Likewise the chopper, handed to Mr. Walling by John Lee, was found to bear stains of a peculiar character. These various articles also smelt strongly of paraffin, with which it seems the murderer had laboured to efface his victim's blood.

More wonderful than all, Jane Neck discovered, to her indescribable horror, distinct marks of blood upon her own nightdress.

She remembered that coming down the stairs John Lee had assisted her by putting his arm round her waist. Before this she was positive there was no blood upon her. The attention of the police was now turned to Lee himself, and they found blood upon his right arm and hand. He was pale and uneasy in his demeanour, and said that he had broken one of the windows to let the smoke out, and had cut his arm in so doing. His arm was certainly slightly cut, and the police, examining the window, found it broken as Lee stated. But the slight cut on the arm could not account satisfactorily for all the blood on the man's person. The police examined the window carefully again, and saw that it had been broken on the outside.

Said Lee to one of them:

"I was fast asleep when the women came downstairs; they had great difficulty in arousing me."

This was a transparent lie, for it will be remembered that he was awake and moving about when Eliza Harris



"The house is burning!"

ran down the staircase. What struck the police most forcibly, however, was the fact that the struggle between the murdered woman and her assassin (and there was ample evidence that a severe struggle had occurred) must have taken place within five feet of Lee's bedroom, where he said he was fast asleep.

How was it, then, that he had not been awakened by the noise which this battle for life and death must have caused?

Another question asked was, "Where did the paraffin come from with which the dining-room had been flooded?"

Jane Neck told them that there was a large paraffin can in the cupboard in Lee's bedroom. She had had recourse to it the day previous to the night of the murder, and it had been full.

The constables at once opened the cupboard, and found the oil can empty, without its cork, and smeared with blood.

If Lee's story as to his being asleep had been true, it would have been impossible for anyone to reach the oil

can without stepping on his bed. The police now turned to John Lee.

"We must arrest you on suspicion of murdering Miss Keyse," said they.

"Oh, on suspicion, is it? Well, all right."

From this point down to the conclusion of his trial Lee's demeanour was one of imperturbable calmness.

The evidence against him was damning. His repeated threats against Miss Keyse, the paraffin oil can, the blood on his hands, the blood-stained chopper, which had never before been in the house, the stained knife which should have been in the conservatory; all these pointed to his undoubted guilt.

To add to the evidence, as if more conclusive proof was required, when searched Lee's socks were found to be drenched with blood, and on his trousers were several small hairs, corresponding with those on the dead woman's head.

Popular indignation in the country was roused to a fever heat against the accused man. The frightful brutality of the crime, the unnecessary violence with which the murdered lady was mutilated, the attempt to conceal the foul deed by setting fire to the house, thus endangering the lives of four other women, made the tragedy one of singular and sanguinary horror.

And the motive?

If John Lee was the murderer, Miss Keyse was murdered, and an attempt made to burn down her house, out of savage revenge for the reduction of sixpence a week in his wages!

Miss Keyse's body was interred shortly afterwards before a reverent and sorrowing crowd of sympathisers.

Lee was committed for trial after the preliminary proceedings at the police-court.

He was tried before Mr. Justice Manisty, and was defended by Mr. St. Aubyn, Mr. Collins, Q.C., prosecuting for the Crown.

The melancholy chain of circumstantial evidence was drawn tighter and tighter round the prisoner by each succeeding witness called for the prosecution.

The defence called no witnesses.

Mr. St. Aubyn in addressing the jury on Lee's behalf tried to throw a doubt into their minds.

It had leaked out during the proceedings that the girl Elizabeth Harris had a lover, with whom she had an illicit connection. This man had several times visited the "Glen" unknown to Miss Keyse. Was it not possible, argued Mr. St. Aubyn, that this lover, on the particular night of the murder, had been discovered on the premises by Miss Keyse, and had in a fit of rage, at the scene which they might reasonably suppose would ensue, slain her, afterwards setting fire to the house to destroy the traces of his guilt?

Needless to say, this wild and improbable theory, brought forward at the last moment when the prosecution had no opportunity of replying,* did not trouble the jury much.

They found Lee guilty.

Mr. Justice Manisty, in passing sentence of death, remarked upon the exceptional brutality of Lee's crime and the strange inadequacy of the motive which prompted its enactment. In concluding he drew attention to the passive calmness displayed by the prisoner throughout the trial.

"Many people are of opinion," said he, "that such a display of calm unconcern as has been exhibited on the part of the prisoner points to an accused man's innocence. This is not so, being in reality a dangerous and misleading theory. I have known many criminals behave in as calm and well-ordered a manner as the prisoner now before me."

Lee was then sentenced to death. As he left the dock he turned in a self-possessed manner to the judge and said:

"The reason why I am so calm, my lord, is that I trust in my God, and He knows that I am innocent."

* In criminal cases no prosecuting counsel, with the exception of the solicitor and attorney generals, has the right to reply to the defending counsel's speech, when the latter calls no witnesses.

Lee was to be hanged on the 24th of February, his trial concluding on the third day of that month.

Now came the strangest incident of all this strange case, the one incident that lifts it far above the general interest of crime in the public estimation.

The 24th fell on a Tuesday, and on the previous Saturday Berry, the hangman, with his assistant, journeyed to Exeter gaol to prepare for Lee's execution.

The scaffold had been erected by the local prison architect in a disused coachhouse, prior to the executioner's arrival.

It seems that in this case the drop was not prepared with the customary care. We wish to cast no reflections upon any one individual, but certain it is that the gallows erected for the hanging of John Lee was, in more ways than one, inefficient.

Generally the engine of execution is constructed as follows:

into which, when the lever is pulled and the bar slides, the ends of the sustaining rods slip, thus removing all support, and allowing the trap doors to fall. The prisoner is then left dancing on thin air.

It will be noticed in the illustration that two warders stand on planks placed across the drop. This is done to support the convict in case he suddenly collapses just before the lever is pulled, for were he to fall crookedly, death would not be absolutely instantaneous.

Again you will see that the noose is placed so that the eyelet is under the left ear. That was the method which obtained in Berry's time, but the more scientific Billingtons place the thimble beneath the condemned man's chin, so that when the victim reaches the end of the rope his chin is forced violently backwards and his neck broken. Another improvement has been introduced of recent years. Instead of the rope being allowed to hang loose behind the culprit's back, risking getting foul of his elbows, it is now fastened



"WE MUST ARREST YOU ON SUSPICION OF MURDERING MISS KEYSE."

The execution shed is now usually fashioned very much in the shape of an ordinary living room, contrary to the conventional idea of the scaffold which a public, conversant with ancient prints and the records, of a past century, have contracted, so that the convict has no steps to ascend.

The actual construction can be best understood by reference to the drawing on the next page, showing Lee on the scaffold. The drop itself, as will be seen, is composed of two leaves, much like the flaps above a publican's cellar. The doors are composed of three-inch oak plank. On the under side of the flap behind the criminal in the picture are three strong hinges, which are made of iron, and which project far enough to run completely underneath the other, or front leaf.

The ends of the long iron hinges rest, when the drop is set, on a bar which runs beneath the staging, at the very front of the scaffold, and which moved by the lever, thus upholding the other leaf. It is clear, then, that were the three iron rods to slip from the bar the whole drop would fall. To effect this the bar is interspersed with intervals or grooves,

up with fine silk, so that the noose dangles at the height of the murderer's neck. The fall of the body, of course, snaps the thread, and the rope runs out to its full extent.

So much for the method of execution; let us now see what happened at Exeter Gaol.

On the day previous to that on which the execution of Lee was fixed a bag of cement equivalent to the weight of the criminal was placed on the drop, and the lever pulled, when all was found to work with perfect efficiency.

Berry, however, was not satisfied entirely. He went to the Governor of the gaol and advised him, in case of future executions, to have the planks of the drop—which in this case were very thin—made of the proper thickness, and also expressed his belief that the ironwork was too frail. The official noted the objection, and said that they would be attended to.

All day Sunday and Monday rain fell continuously in heavy torrents, but on the Tuesday the weather had cleared considerably. A large and eager crowd assembled

with the dawn to witness the hoisting of the black flag as a signal of the condemned criminal's death.

In the early morning of the fatal day the melancholy procession set forth from the doomed man's cell to the gallows, consisting of Berry, his assistant, the chaplain, the sheriff, the prison officials, and the wretched Lee himself, now securely pinioned. He walked firmly, his self-possession never for one moment deserting him. To the last he made no confession.

In solemn tones the chaplain read the burial service, and a white cap was drawn over Lee's face.

All was now ready for the murderer's death. He was placed on the drop, and Berry pulled the lever, and in another moment, under ordinary circumstances, John Lee would have been a dead man.

The drop refused to work!

Horror-stricken, the officials removed Lee from the drop. Berry and the warders stamped on the platform, but it would not budge an inch.

Once more the wretched criminal was placed on the fatal plank and the lever pulled.

the gaolers stared at each other in stupor and amazement. At last the former, finding his tongue, ordered Lee to be removed once more to his cell.

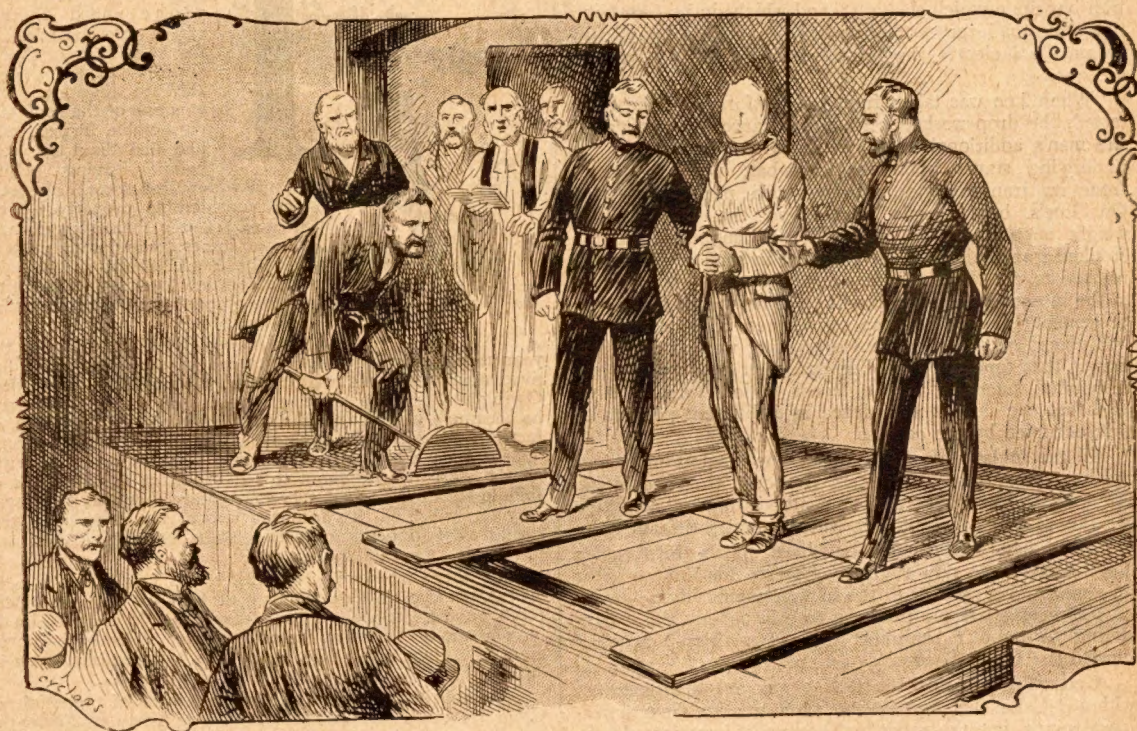
The white cap was drawn from his face. His features were like white lead, and his eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy. There was a whole life's agony in the quiver of his mouth.

Going up the steps to his cell he stumbled, and would have fallen but for supporting hands. Afterwards he fainted.

Outside the crowd were roused to a high pitch of curiosity by the non-appearance of the black flag. Strange and contradictory whispers ran amongst the assembled throng. At last the truth was known, and anger turned to compassion, hate to superstitious awe and dread.

The man could not be hanged!

Many people were now convinced of Lee's innocence, refusing to credit the unanswerable evidence brought forward at his trial. They saw the mysterious intervention of a divine Providence in the failure of the gallows to hang the murderer.



THE DROP REFUSED TO WORK!

The drop refused to work!

Lee, hovering as hardly ever mortal man hovered before, on the dread bridge which separates life from an unknown eternity, swayed backwards and forwards.

Thank heaven for the white cap drawn over his face!

No eye witnessed the tortured workings of his agonised features, the convulsive manifestations of the terror in his soul.

He was led away, and the officials set to work with trembling hands. With hatchet and chisel they commenced narrowing the drop, under the impression that the woodwork had swollen and was clogging the machine.

Once more the pitiable figure with the white mask is placed upon the drop.

With all his strength Berry pulled at the lever until it bent in his hands.

The drop refused to work!

With a cry, the chaplain now sprang forward and intervened. He prayed for a respite. Let the Home Secretary be communicated with! The white-faced sheriff and

Others, however, pointed out that the continual rain which had fallen during the past few days had naturally swollen the wood, and the drop had become fixed in the crevices, thus refusing to work when Lee was placed upon it; but this conjecture, like the former, was wrong.

The chaplain, amidst many others, was loud in his demands for Lee's reprieve.

It would be inhuman, he argued, to again force this man to the gallows, this man who had three times stood face to face with Death, who three times had been so close to the mighty monarch of the grave that he must have felt oblivion's breath blowing on his cheek!

Besides, the drop's refusal to work was unaccountable. When the executioner pulled the lever what power in this world could have upheld the drop?

Was it that shadowy hands, summoned by unknown powers, held the dread mechanism of this engine of destruction in a hidden vice, refusing to allow an innocent man to perish for another's crime? However, we must needs dismiss the picturesque speculations of those whose

superstition drove them to explain the mystery by a belief in a supernatural intervention.

After all, Almighty God does not stoop from his inscrutable workings to become a prop to the gallows!

The real incidents of the case we have from expert authorities and from Berry's autobiographical pen.

What really happened was this: The iron staves that underran and supported the platforms on which Lee stood were only of half the prescribed thickness.

These staves, as we have explained, though for the sake of lucidity we repeat it, protrude underneath the farther side of the drop from the hinges to which they are attached, where they are in turn supported by an iron bar, interspersed with grooves, and which is regulated by the lever. In the ordinary course of events, when the lever is pulled this bar slides back, the staves upholding the platform drop through the grooves, and the platform itself falls from beneath the prisoner's feet.

In the case of Lee, however, because the supports of the drop were not sufficiently strong, they bent beneath him, and were thus jammed with such force against the iron bar upon which they rest, and which in its turn bent, that when the lever was pulled the all-supporting bar refused to move sufficiently far for the rods to fall through the grooves.

When Lee was taken from the platform and the lever tested, the drop worked perfectly, because the removal of the man's additional weight released the pressure of the underlying staves upon the cross-bar, which, released from its iron clutches, worked with perfect freedom. On Lee's being again placed on the platform his weight once more bent the three thin supports, and the crooked iron again held the cross-bar in such a vice that it refused to shift to the lever's pull. On the day previous to the intended execution it will be remembered that a bag of cement equivalent to the condemned criminal's weight was placed on the drop, and everything worked perfectly. But at that time the cross-bar had been newly oiled, and responded smoothly to the lever's action. Again, it is said that the cement was placed in a different position to that occupied by the convict.

In the midst of a thousand-and-one clamouring voices the news came that Sir William Harcourt, the then Home Secretary, had commuted Lee's sentence to penal servitude for life, and his decision met with general satisfaction.

Those who a day before had been openly thirsting for Lee's blood were now eager to preserve his life, so great an element is sentiment in the human composition. Some of the newspapers protested vigorously against this "pandering to popular sentiment and superstition," as they termed the Home Secretary's action.

Generally, however, the feeling was one of agreement with a decision that reprieved a fellow-creature from suffering a fourth time the pangs and horrors of imminent death.

Some, however, were of a contrary opinion, and one of these individuals, a friend of the murdered lady, wrote to "The Times" suggesting that in such cases, in future, it should be announced "The execution will take place, weather permitting." Lee received the news of his reprieve with the same almost preternatural calmness which he had exhibited throughout the entire course of the proceedings.

So ends this strange story of crime, strange because an old and benevolent lady was murdered and an attempt made to burn down a house on account of a servant suffering a reduction of sixpence a week in his wages; strangest of all, because this man was not hanged!

Contrary to the opinion of many, John Lee still exists in His Majesty's prison at Portland, where he is kept at hard manual labour, attempting to wipe out with the sweat of his brow the sins he has committed. There he will remain till the end of next year, when, if his conduct has been satisfactory, he will be released on ticket-of-leave, for a sentence of penal servitude for life practically means imprisonment for twenty years only.

THE EAGLE'S CLIFFE MYSTERY.

How the body of WILLIAM HUNTLEY was found eleven years after his murder, and how, under extraordinary circumstances, ROBERT GOLDSBOROUGH, accused of the crime, was acquitted in the face of damning evidence.

"It is safer that a bad man should not be accused, than that he should be acquitted."

—LIVY, "Annales," XXXIV. 4.



IN the summer of the year 1830 there lived at a place called Eagle's Cliffe, near Yarm, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, a man named William Huntley. He was one of the sons of a respectable farmer, who had died about ten years before, leaving behind him a widow and several children, and considerable property to be divided between them; but his will was so imperfect and obscure as to have led to a Chancery suit in order to determine the true distribution of the property according to his intentions.

His son, William, was, in the year 1830, about thirty-four years of age, and married, but lived apart from his wife, with whom he had quarrelled. Owing to his being so long kept out of his little property, he became a weaver in order to support himself, and was, in fact, in very humble circumstances. In point of personal appearance—a matter which has a very important bearing on the story we are about to tell—William Huntley was of middle stature; he had a broad, square face, his head was very large behind, his forehead was a retreating one, with rather a deep indentation between the eyebrows, and he was pitted with the small-pox.

But there was one peculiarity of his face which caught everyone's eye on first looking at him—a very prominent tooth on the left side of the under-jaw. It caused him to have a sort of "twist of the mouth," for which he had been always known and ridiculed by his companions, even at school.

The solicitor who had the management of the affair in Chancery was a Mr. Garbutt, residing in Yarm, and after the usual weary waiting in such cases he was at length able to pay over to William Huntley the first instalment of his little fortune. The sum amounted to £85 16s. 4d., after deducting some considerable advances made by the lawyer, and the money was paid to William Huntley on Thursday, July 22, 1830, in seventeen five-pound bank-notes, with the balance in silver and copper.

Directly after receiving his money William Huntley walked over to Hutton Rudby, a small village a few miles distant from Eagle's Cliffe, and stayed there one or two days in the house of an intimate friend of his, one Robert Goldsborough, a widower with a couple of children, and at that time in very low water.

At five o'clock on the morning of Friday, July 30, Huntley, who had been going backwards and forwards all the week between Hutton Rudby and Eagle's Cliffe, was seen walking towards Goldsborough's house. Later on in the same day, at three in the afternoon, he was seen on the high road with Goldsborough; still later, at eight o'clock in the evening, he was seen sitting in Goldsborough's house; and lastly, about ten o'clock on the same night, he and Goldsborough were observed walking together and talking in a cheerful and friendly manner, Goldsborough with a gun in his hand, both apparently bending their steps towards Crathorne Wood, which was close by, on a poaching excursion.

That was the last time that William Huntley was ever seen alive. From that moment he completely and mysteriously disappeared, and not a trace of him could be discovered. The man's continued absence soon excited comment and suspicion; and when, on the following Monday, a quantity of half-congealed blood was found on the side of the high road, close to the spot at which he had last been seen in the company of Goldsborough, there began to be rumours of foul play. These rumours appeared to receive some corroboration from the statement of a man who recollected that between eleven and twelve o'clock on the previous Friday night (July 30), he had heard the report of a gun in Crathorne Wood, whither Huntley had been seen going in the company of Goldsborough. As the latter was the last person with whom Huntley had been seen, it was only natural that he should be looked to for some explanation of his friend's disappearance. To one person—a creditor of Huntley's—who inquired whether he knew what had become of the latter, Goldsborough said, with an easy, confident air, that he had set Huntley on the road to Whitby, whence he was going to take ship for America.*

asked to account for their being in his possession he made contradictory statements.

First he said that Huntley had given them to him, but on being reminded that a man so notoriously covetous and close as Huntley was not likely to have shown such generosity, he said that the fact was he had lent Huntley money, and on his going off to America the latter had left the articles in question as security for the repayment of the loan. These explanations were so unsatisfactory that there was not one of Goldsborough's neighbours who did not believe that he had murdered Huntley. Nor did they make any secret of their belief even to the man they suspected. Yet Goldsborough bore their taunts and innuendoes with the utmost coolness and composure. On one occasion he said, "You'll see by-and-by whether he's been murdered."

Meanwhile, the suspicion that William Huntley had met with foul play became so universal that the country was searched far and wide in the hope of finding his body. But



Several persons instantly went to Whitby in search of the missing man, but in vain; no person answering to his description—and it will be remembered that his appearance was remarkable—had been seen or heard of in that direction, nor had there been for some time in that port any vessel bound for America. The disappointed inquirers returned to Goldsborough to announce the fruitlessness of their search, when he gave another account of Huntley's movements—namely, that he had set his friend on the way to Liverpool, there to take ship for America; and a short time afterwards to other inquirers he told an entirely different story, to the effect that he had seen Huntley off to Billsdale, where he purposed visiting some friends.

The Liverpool story might be true—there was no means of testing that—but it was plain that both the other stories were false, and consequently the prevailing impression was that Robert Goldsborough knew more about William Huntley's disappearance than he chose to tell. So strong grew the suspicion against him that his house was searched by constables, and there were found in his possession a silver watch and various articles of clothing belonging to Huntley. Goldsborough made no attempt to conceal these articles, but when

Goldsborough only laughed at their efforts, and said scornfully, "You fools! it's no use searching there! Only you give up, and I'll bring Huntley to you in a fortnight."

For some cause or other the search was shortly afterwards discontinued. But there were not wanting additional circumstances to confirm the strong suspicion against Goldsborough. Some ten days after Huntley's disappearance he was observed sitting opposite a very large fire in his house, reading, and a strong smell as of woollen stuff burning was perceived by more than one passer-by. When Goldsborough's attention was called to the smell he said that "he had only been burning some old things which he had pulled from under the stairs." At times he appeared disconsolate and agitated, and was almost invariably very reserved in his manner and speech. Another suspicious circumstance was that he was found suddenly in possession of a considerable sum of money in bank-notes, gold, and silver, which he ostentatiously displayed within a few days of Huntley's disappearance. But as his neighbours gave him the cold shoulder, and did not hesitate to brand him as a murderer, Goldsborough at last found the place too hot to hold him, so he accordingly went off to Barnsley and settled there. The law, of course, could not molest him, because there was no proof

that William Huntley had been murdered, or that he was even dead, and until the body should be discovered no steps could be taken against the supposed murderer.

Eleven years had passed since the mysterious disappearance of William Huntley, and no clue whatever had been found to his fate, when, on June 21, 1841, as a number of workmen were making some alterations in the side of a brook, called Stokesley Beck, they dug up a human head and then the remains of a complete skeleton. The bones had lain at a depth of about three feet from the surface, and had evidently not been deposited there by digging a hole down from the surface like a grave, but by hollowing out or digging a hole in the bank of the brook, and then thrusting in the body.

The skull was removed from the earth very carefully. It was filled with mould, and the lower part of it appeared to have been broken off. The bones, having been carefully laid out, were shown to the employer of the workmen, Mr. Nellist, a respectable Quaker farmer, and on looking narrowly at the skull and jawbone he particularly noticed a long projecting tooth on the left of the lower jaw. Mr. Nellist the same evening showed the skull to a good many persons, several of whom, on noticing the tooth, said that they could swear the skull was Huntley's.

All the old suspicions against Goldsborough were revived, and a constable proceeded to Barnsley to take the suspected murderer into custody. On the evening of June 23 he found Goldsborough sitting in his house alone without his coat, which hung on the back of a chair.

"I have come," said the constable abruptly, "to take you into custody for the murder of William Huntley, eleven years ago."

Goldsborough appeared dreadfully agitated.

"Look here," continued the officer, taking out the shattered skull from the basket in which he had brought it, and holding it up before Goldsborough. "Look at this, and tell me if it is not the remains of Huntley?"

But Goldsborough could not look at it. His eyes wandered all round the room, resting anywhere but on the ghastly object which the constable held up before him. At last the wretched man burst into tears, and exclaimed:

"I'm innocent! They may swear my life away if they please, but I never had any clothes or a watch" (the constable had asked him if he had not a watch belonging to Huntley) "or anything belonging to the man. The last time I ever saw him was on the Thursday."

The constable then took him into custody, but released him the next morning, considering the evidence against him not sufficient to warrant his detention. The whole matter, however, was soon brought under the notice of the magistrates, and steps were taken at once to obtain any evidence that might throw light on this long-hidden crime. A reward of £100 was offered in the usual terms to anyone who should give such evidence as would lead to the discovery and conviction of the murderer of William Huntley.

Shortly afterwards a man named Thomas Groundy was heard making such observations as to lead to his being arrested, and on the 10th of August, 1841, Goldsborough, too, was again apprehended on the charge of having murdered William Huntley, Thomas Groundy being charged as an accessory after the fact. Groundy, however, was allowed to turn King's evidence, and made the following deposition, every word of which is worthy of notice, in consequence of an extraordinary circumstance which happened shortly after it had been taken.

"On the Wednesday after William Huntley was missing Robert Goldsborough came to me and asked me if I would help him with a bag to Stokesley (he was going to America), and I told him I would go, and we went by Neville's hind-house, and then we kept no road, and we went down to yon wood beside the stone bridge. He took me to a bag which was laid upon the ground in the wood, and I laid hold of it, and I found like a man's head, and I asked him what it was, and he stopped about five minutes before he spoke, and then he said, 'It is a bad job, it is Huntley. As he was walking by me I shot him.' Then I felt frightened, and wanted to go home, and Goldsborough said, 'If you mention it I'll give you as much.' And I said I would not mention it, and I wanted to make off. The body was in the wood, within two or three hundred yards from the bridge. It is quite a lonely place. It was a rough place in the wood. Goldsborough never said anything more to me about it, and I was frightened and durst not mention it to him. It was about hay-time. I knew William Huntley. He had a long tooth, and used to twist his mouth."—Sworn, etc., 14th August, 1841. The mark of Thomas X Groundy."

Now mark what followed. Two or three hours after that

deposition was taken down from his lips, Thomas Groundy hanged himself! He had been placed in a room in York Castle, only to await the arrival of his sureties, who were to go bail for his appearance to give evidence at the trial, and he had not been left alone half-an-hour when he was found suspended by his neckerchief and braces to one of the iron bars of the window, his knees resting on the floor—quite dead. He had been in good health and spirits and perfectly sober up to the last moment of his being seen alive. An inquest was held on his body, and a verdict of *felo de se* was returned. So the most important witness against Robert Goldsborough effaced himself by his own act, and no one ever knew why he had thus made away with himself.

Goldsborough, having heard the whole of the evidence advanced against him, including Groundy's depositions, voluntarily made and signed the following statement:

"On Thursday, July 22, 1830, William Huntley came to my house and stopped and talked awhile, and asked me to take a walk with him. We took a walk down over the bridge and through Sir William Foulis's plantation, we sat down on the side of the footpath of the plantation, and he



Bending their steps towards Crathorne Wood.

says, 'I want you to look at some papers I have,' and so he pulled them out of his inside coat pocket—one a largish paper which he had got from Mr. Garbutt—and he says, 'I have been drawing my money,' and said he had drawn £85 16s. And he said, 'What is the reason of all this money kept back?' I looked at the papers, and told him what the sums were for. He said he did not want it mentioned to everyone, as some who wanted money of him would be at him. I told him I had nothing to do with it. I should say nothing about it. And so we came home together, and he was backwards and forwards out of our house and other houses in the town all day. He laid with me all night, as he generally used to do when he came to the town. He was backwards and forwards all the next day, and he hired a cart and brought a loom down from Robert Moon's, and sold it to George Farnaby that day, and he stopped all night again and slept with me; and then he came to Stokesley on the Saturday, and tried me several times to go to America with him. I went with him to Stokesley. We were together awhile at Stokesley on that day, and then we parted, and I never saw him any more until the Thursday following, and he came down to me at Farnaby's shop at Hutton, and called of me out, and pushed me sadly to go to America with him, and I

told him I had two children, and I should not leave them, as I was both a father and mother to them. So he stopped awhile, and he said if I would not go he could not force me, but if I would go I should share with him as long as he had a halfpenny. I refused, and he stopped on awhile, and we went out, and I sat him down a few yards from the door and left him. We shaken hands and parted, and he said if Mr. Garbutt did not put it out about his money, he would stop a few days longer, if people did not get to know about it. That was the very last time I clapped my eyes upon him. If it was the last words I had to speak, I never was in Crathorne Wood nor Weary Bank Wood with Thomas Groundy. You may think it is a lie, but if it was the last word I had to speak, I never was with him.

"ROBERT GOLDSBOROUGH."

Now, it will be noted that in this statement Goldsborough made no attempt to account for his being in possession of the watch and other articles belonging to the deceased, and it will further be noted that he states Thursday, July 29, to have been the last day on which he saw Huntley, whereas he was seen in the company of Huntley on three different occasions by three different persons on Friday, July 30.

As a matter of course, Goldsborough was committed for trial, and at nine o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, March 9, 1842, he made his appearance at the bar of the Crown Court, before Mr. Baron Rolfe, charged with the "wilful murder of William Huntley," by discharging at him a loaded gun, and thereby giving him a mortal wound, of which he instantly died."

All eyes in the crowded court were turned to the prisoner at the bar, a decently-dressed man of forty-seven, of the average height, with sandy hair and whiskers, and a long face, on which there was stamped an expression of mingled anxiety and depression. On being placed in the dock he rested his arms on the iron bar, with his hands clasped together, never removing the doeskin gloves he wore. This was the attitude which he preserved, with scarcely any variation, during the whole of the two days' trial.

The various incidents which we have described were sworn to by a number of witnesses. The damning facts that the prisoner was the last person with whom the murdered man was seen, that he was found in possession of property belonging to the deceased, that he gave different versions of his parting with Huntley—all these were brought out and proved in evidence. One remarkable point caused a sensation in court. A witness, named James Maw, swore that, after he and others had been searching some time for Huntley's body, they met Goldsborough, and he said:

"Where have you been searching to-day?"

Several persons replied, "In Foxton Woods, Foxton Beck, and Middleton and Crathorne Woods."

Goldsborough answered, "He's far more likely to be found in Stokesley Beck." The very place where the skeleton was found!

When the skull and a portion of the skeleton were brought into court to be examined by the jury it was observed that the prisoner changed colour, and to those nearest to him he appeared to be suffering from profound agitation, which it required all his nerve to control.

The prisoner's counsel ridiculed the idea of the skeleton being that of Huntley, and pointed to the extraordinary fact that the prominent tooth, about which so much had been said, was missing. That it was there when the skull was first discovered was a fact sworn to by several witnesses; but so carelessly had these bones—the most important "exhibits" in the case—been guarded that when they were produced before the jury the prominent tooth, upon which the evidence of identity mainly rested, was not to be found!

The learned counsel further denied that there was one title of evidence to show that William Huntley was not at that moment alive and well in America or elsewhere. The judge summed up in favour of an acquittal, laying great stress upon the point as to whether there were any reasonable doubts as to the bones being really those of Huntley. He told the jury that they must dismiss from their minds all superstitious ideas founded upon such time-honoured old adages as "Murder will out," and the like. They must be perfectly satisfied—first, that William Huntley had been murdered; secondly, that the bones discovered were, beyond doubt, those of Huntley; and thirdly, that the prisoner was the man who had committed the murder.

The jury were long absent. When at last they returned to court their verdict was awaited with breathless suspense. There was a solemn silence, broken only by the voice of the Clerk of Arraigns as he put the usual question:

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your ver-

dict? Do you say that Robert Goldsborough, the prisoner at the bar, is guilty of the murder and felony with which he stands charged, or not guilty?"

Then the foreman said, "Not guilty."

The verdict was received in blank silence. The prisoner exhibited no symptoms of satisfaction or exultation. As soon, however, as he was removed from the bar, and before he had quitted the dock, he whispered eagerly in the ear of the officer:

"Can they try me again, lad?"

"No; thou'st clear of it now altogether," was the reply, on which Goldsborough heaved a deep sigh, and said:

"If they'd put me on trial in 1830 I could have got plenty to come forward and clear me."

Within half-an-hour afterwards he was seen dressed as he appeared at the bar of the court, only that he had his hat on, and carried a small bundle of clothes tied up in a blue-and-white cotton handkerchief under his arm, walking quietly out of the frowning gates of York Castle, once more a free man, at liberty to go whithersoever he chose.

But though the verdict was, perhaps, the only safe one that the jury could have returned under the circumstances, we suspect that the majority of persons who heard the case tried would still, in answer to the query, "Who murdered William Huntley?" have unhesitatingly replied, "Robert Goldsborough."



"Most Upright Judge."

A GENTLEMAN in the West of England who was the owner of an extensive deer park, was in the habit of sending a deer as a gift to the Judges of Assize, and when Lord Chief Baron Hale came the circuit, the gentleman sent the deer as usual, although a case in which he was plaintiff was coming on for trial. On the case being called, the following conversation took place in the court:

Lord Chief Baron: "Is this plaintiff the gentleman of the same name who sent me venison?"

Judge's Servant: "Yes, please you, my lord."

Lord C. B.: "Stop a bit, then. Do not yet swear the jury. I cannot allow the trial to go on till I have paid him for his buck."

Plaintiff: "I would have your lordship to know that neither myself nor my forefathers have ever sold venison, and I have done nothing to your lordship which we have not done to every judge that has come this circuit for centuries bygone."

Magistrate of the County: "My lord, I can confirm what the gentleman says for truth for twenty years back."

Other Magistrates: "And we, my lord, know the same."

Lord C. B.: "That is nothing to me. The Holy Scriptures saith, 'A gift perverteth the ways of judgment.' I will not suffer the trial to go on till the venison is paid for. Let my butler count down the full value thereof."

Plaintiff: "I will not disgrace myself and my ancestors by becoming a venison butcher. From the needless dread of selling justice your lordship delays it. I withdraw my record."

An Incorruptible Judge.

AT the Cardigan Assizes in 1832 the defendant in an action sent a letter with full particulars of his case and a ten-pound note enclosed to Mr. Justice Alderson, at the judge's lodgings. When the learned judge took his seat on the bench on the following day he told what he had received on the previous evening, and declared his intention of putting the letter into the hands of the Attorney-General for the purpose of a prosecution against the writer of it. It was, however, explained to him that the offender had acted more in ignorance than anything else, and the judge, having returned the money and censured the sender, agreed to let the matter drop.

Brevity is the Soul of Wit.

A GENTLEMAN once sued a lady for ten guineas, money borrowed. Mr. Erskine, for the plaintiff, said he should simply read the lady's letter: "Sir,—When convenient, you shall have your ten guineas. I despise you.—Catherine Keating." "That is my case," said Erskine. "I will prove the handwriting." "Is that all?" asked Bearcroft, the counsel for the defendant. "Yes." "Then I despise you." And the judge exclaimed: "Call the plaintiff," which implied that there was no defence.



"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."
—HAMLET, Act I, Sc. 2.

PART IV.



IN the quiet of the condemned cell Dougal had leisure to think over his life, to repent of the numerous sins which he had committed, and to reconstruct the scenes which had accompanied the landmarks in his not uneventful life. To think of the past was a relief from thinking of the future. His self-control was now of no moment; he felt at the instant the verdict of "guilty" was returned against him that the whole world believed him to be a monster in human form, unfit to sully this earth with his presence, and that dreadful feeling, enhanced by the consciousness of his own guilt, abode with him as an ever-present reminder of his iniquity, as a mental brand of Cain. Even in the sorrowful, almost pitying eyes of the warders, appointed to that most trying of all prison duties, watching a doomed man, he read condemnation; in their studied kindness he found no consolation, believing that it was but a pretext to render life sweeter and the parting with it the more bitter; in the words of the zealous chaplain, striving to awaken in the sinner a sense of the enormity of his offences, the murderer could hear but mockery. Still he paid attention to the clergyman, finding in his visits relief from the thoughts which racked his brain and harrowed his very soul.

But though attentive to the spiritual advice of the pastor, Dougal's mind was far from being removed from the cares of this world. At the very moment when one would have thought his very soul was overwhelmed by the shock of the pronouncement of his doom, he was thinking of a ham which he had left in one of the chimneys at the Moat Farm to smoke, and was trying to decide to whom to leave it. It is difficult to describe the exact state of the convict's mind at this period. The past and the present were vividly intermingled, but over all was a shadow, the shadow of the gibbet. Strive as he would, the wretched man could not shut out the picture of the beam, the yawning pit, and the tightened rope—it obtruded itself on everything.

To his guardians he was sullen and morose, rarely condescending to exchange a word with them, save to ask for some special article of food to be added to his meals, which he took, by the way, with great gusto. For hours he would sit, his head buried in his hands, thinking, almost oblivious of the world, of the surroundings in which he was placed; then he would start up and pace the cell with the restlessness of a caged beast seeking some small outlet, some means of escape, casting furtive glances from time to time at the ever-watchful warders. Bravado was now of no avail to him, and he did not mind allowing the mental agony which he was enduring to manifest itself somewhat, though such was his habit of self-control that even at his most abject moments he was apparently less affected than the majority of murderers.

Thus he passed his days, thinking ever, fighting against the phantasm of the scaffold, dwelling on the past. His nights were not less terrible, for in the semi-darkness, caused by the small gas jet which feebly illumined the cell, he could picture to himself scenes which he had hoped he had shut out from the eyes of his mind for ever. Sleep came to him at times; but what sleep! A period of apparent rest, rendered horrible by the visions which flitted through the over-wrought brain. Not once but many times in the course of each night he enacted the last scene on the scaffold, the scene which he had so often read about, and which he had once taken such a delight in imagining. In his dreams he could hear the mournful voice of the chaplain reading the words of the burial service, he shivered at the chill of the passage leading to the chamber of death, he could feel the hands of the executioner adjusting the noose around his neck, he could almost see that grim functionary grasp the lever, and then—? He awoke with a start, his body bathed in perspiration, his

limbs a-tremble, gasping a sigh of relief that it was but a dream. But his relief was short-lived; in an instant he remembered that what he had passed through in spirit was to be enacted in stern reality in a very few days unless his life was spared by the Crown, and he could not imagine any reason why mercy should be extended to him.

Again his dreams would take the form of brilliant arguments, which had only to be laid before the Home Secretary for an immediate pardon to be granted; dreams which vanished with returning consciousness, enhancing the horror of the convict's position. Thus day and night were filled by thoughts or phantasms which added to the sufferings of the wretch who had never hesitated to inflict pain upon the weak.

And what was the past of this man?—the past which so often obtruded itself on his mind? Briefly, his career is as follows:

Dougal was born at Bow in 1846, his father being a builder by trade, and a native of London. When old enough his parents gave him a good education, for they were fairly well-to-do, and he was trained to be a civil engineer. When nearly twenty years of age, however, Dougal took a fancy to the army, and knowing that for men with his special training the Royal Engineers afforded the best chance of promotion, he enlisted in that celebrated corps in 1866, and was sent to Chatham.

He had been a soldier for about three years when he fell in love with a Miss Griffiths, and after a very short courtship he married her without asking the permission of his commanding officer. This prevented his wife from being officially recognised, and the private had to support his better half as best he could out of his scanty pay. In 1873 Dougal was promoted to the rank of corporal, and he justified his advancement by the careful attention he gave to his work and by his devotion to duty. As a reward for this he was given the three stripes in the following year, and his wife was taken on the strength of the regiment, so that then Dougal was provided with married quarters and rations for his spouse, as well as the hundred and one other little benefits which are given to the virtuous married non-com.

A couple of children blessed this union, and when in 1877 Dougal was ordered to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, for service there, his wife and offspring accompanied him. In his new station Sergeant Dougal did well, being appointed chief clerk to the officer commanding the Engineers, and was assigned quarters in the Military Lumber Yard. He was a general favourite with the officers under whom he served, and in 1880 was advanced to the rank of quartermaster-sergeant. While at Halifax two more children were born to Dougal and his wife, and to all outward appearances the family was a very happy one. Then a blow fell.

In 1885 Mrs. Dougal was taken suddenly ill. Her symptoms were distressing, fits of violent coughing being succeeded by attacks of vomiting. The sickness lasted but a few days, and on the 27th of June Quartermaster-sergeant Dougal was a widower. His grief led him to request that his late wife should be buried as quietly as possible, and in accordance with his wishes the remains of the poor woman were laid in the military cemetery on the day following her demise. No certificate of death was then necessary in Canada for interments to take place.

Dougal bore up fairly well after the loss of his wife, but it was thought advisable for him to have a change of scene, and three weeks after his bereavement he was granted leave to proceed to England, and sailed from Halifax. Five weeks passed, and he returned to his regiment bringing with him, to the horror of the sergeants' mess, a lady whom he introduced to his comrades as the second Mrs. Dougal. Inquiry showed that the woman was indeed his wife, for he had married her on the 14th of August. It was stated openly in the barracks that the new Mrs. Dougal had brought a substantial sum of money with her to her lord and master, and the younger men thought that the sergeant was lucky, especially as his spouse was young and good-looking.

When she landed she was in excellent health, but before she had been many days on the island she developed a nasty cough, accompanied, as in the case of her predecessor, by vomiting. Fourteen days saw her a corpse, and the day after her decease she was buried alongside the first Mrs. Dougal, only two mourners—Dougal and a friend—being present. Her property was added to her husband's hoard of savings. Grief prevented Dougal from looking after the graves of his wives, and to this day they are neglected.

Shortly after this the sergeant commenced paying his addresses to a Halifax girl, the daughter of a farmer, and when the regiment was ordered back to England he wanted to take her with him as his wife, falsely stating that she was

such. A little investigation proved that this was not so, and accordingly Dougal paid the passage money himself, and she came with him. Her parents did not know where she had gone, and as some of her garments were found on the beach near Halifax, it was supposed that she had committed suicide or been murdered. He promised to marry this girl when he reached England, but once there he kept postponing the wedding-day till a child was born. Then he tired of his partner, and giving her a set of widow's weeds, urged her to return to her relatives and say that she was a widow. The woman is still alive, and states that Dougal threatened to murder her on several occasions.

In the first Jubilee year Dougal left the army, retiring on a pension of 2s. 9d. a day and a small gratuity. At this time he was worried by a man in Halifax, who had been his

him at Watlington, in Bucks, to help him start a poultry farm. She agreed and sold a lot of her property, letting him have the money to purchase incubators and other necessities. The house he selected, which was a couple of miles away from the nearest station, was very lonely, and one shudders to think what might have happened there if there had not been a quarrel.

In December, 1894, the real Mrs. Dougal returned to her husband, and was introduced by him to the other lady, who had not the least idea that Dougal was married. Hoping to recover a little of her money, the duped lady stayed at Watlington till February, 1895, and then the brutal treatment of Dougal compelled her to seek police protection and to leave the chicken farm for good. A little litigation followed regarding some articles which Dougal was said to have stolen



DOUGAL ENTERS THE CONDEMNED CELL.

partner in some inventions and whom he had swindled. The gentleman got no satisfaction.

A lonely life did not suit Samuel Herbert Dougal, and he quickly found a lady to replace the girl who had been returned to Halifax. This time he tried a widow for a change, and by her he had two children. His ill-treatment then drove this lady from his side, and the ex-soldier went for a short while as steward to small clubs at Stroud Green and South-end, going from the last place to Dublin, where he met the lady who is now known as the last real Mrs. Dougal. She was then a person of strikingly good looks, and was living comfortably with her parents, who objected to her engagement to Dougal. However, she liked the man and took the matter into her own hands, marrying him, in August, 1892, at St. Paul's Church, Dublin. For a couple of years the pair lived together in Dublin, where Dougal was a messenger in the employ of the Castle, and later at Wandsworth, and then Dougal's horrible immorality drove his wife back to her parents' house in Ireland.

To supply her place, until she should return, Dougal made advances to a young, unmarried lady with means, to whom he was introduced by a matrimonial agency. Under a promise of marriage he induced her to come and live with

from her, and the scoundrel brought a cross action against his former mistress for the price of an incubator, which he said she had taken away. Both cases were dismissed.

Mrs. Dougal did not stop long with her husband, for it was but a matter of weeks before he made up to an elderly lady and took a public-house at Ware with her money. He also took a little house near the inn. Both these buildings were insured against fire, though in different offices. A month or two later the inn caught fire, and Dougal claimed the insurance money, but the case was suspicious, and the company refused to pay. Investigation led to Dougal being charged with arson, and he was sent to St. Albans for trial. The prosecution, however, did not make out a very strong case, and he was acquitted. His acquittal was followed by a fire at the small house, and again the insurance people objected to the claim and refused to satisfy it.

Finding Ware a little too hot for him, Dougal took up a situation as chief messenger attached to the Royal Military Hospital in Dublin. His position was one of trust, and he was able to study the handwriting of his superiors, as

well as have access to various papers, among which was a cheque-book connected with a military charity. Being short of cash, Dougal abstracted a couple of cheques, one of which he signed with Lord Wolsley's name and the other with that of Col. Viscount Frankfort. The latter was cashed at Cox's Bank in London, and the man who changed it purchased a pair of boots at a London shop, grandly ordering the articles to be sent to his "house in Ireland." His vanity proved his undoing, for through the medium of the cashier at the bank and of the bootmaker he was traced and brought back to London, to stand his trial at the Old Bailey. The charge of forging Lord Wolsley's signature was not proceeded with owing to a trifling difficulty in identifying the man who cashed it, and in order to save the Commander-in-Chief much worry, but Dougal was convicted of forging Viscount Frankfort's name, and, in consideration of his previous good character and of the loss of his pension which his conviction entailed, sentenced to only twelve months' imprisonment.

After being incarcerated for three months Dougal began to suffer considerably from the unwonted confinement, and, having attempted his life, was sent to Cane Hill Asylum to complete his term. There is no proof that he was ever actually insane, regard for his health being the sole reason for his removal from the miseries of a gaol to the comparative comfort of the asylum.

In January, 1897, he regained his freedom, having been convicted in 1896, and at once recommenced his career of lady-killing. His scene of operations at that time was Bigginhill, in Kent, where he was engaged in superintending some building scheme and in assisting to develop a new estate. There he was unable to do more than captivate the hearts of a few country maidens, and he cast around for larger game, for some trusting female with money. In the end, as we know, he met Miss Camille Holland, and by specious lies lured her to her grave.

During the days when he was making love to Miss Holland he had ample opportunity for learning all her family concerns, a chance he never missed with any of his loves, for he liked to know what relations, expectations and money they possessed.

Miss Holland told him that she was born in the little French settlement of Chandernagore, near Calcutta, her mother being a French lady, while on her father's side she was related to the late Mr. William Caine, at that time, a member of Parliament. With great delight Dougal learnt that the lady had about six thousand pounds invested in stock, and with even greater pleasure heard that she had very few relations living. She confided to him her early romance—how she had been engaged to be married to a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and how he had died before the wedding morning dawned. He sympathised with her, strove to make up for her great loss, and at last won her affections.

Miss Holland was a lady of fine temperament, a skilled musician, and no mean artist, while her taste for literature had been developed to the utmost. More than this, she was intensely and sincerely religious, and it is far from probable that she consented to share Dougal's home and hearth with him unless there had been some preliminary ceremony which she regarded as marriage. It is inconceivable, from all we know of Camille Holland, that she could have become other than her murderer's bigamous wife, ignorant of the gross deception which had been practised upon her, nor is it unlikely that the thought of this double treachery formed part of the most unpleasant memories which harassed the doomed man as he sat in the condemned cell awaiting the advent of the hangman.

The days passed on and Dougal grew visibly more careworn. The haunting visions of the night, the torturing reminiscences of the day, were slowly but surely sapping his strength. Then an idea struck him. He had prepared a species of confession before he was tried with the intention of submitting it to his legal advisers as a possible method of defence. In this precious document he stated that on the night of the tragedy he was unloading his revolver in the coach-house, having returned from a drive. Miss Holland was sitting on an upturned box near the door. Suddenly she called to him to come out and look at the "beautiful silvery moon." He stepped forward, to do so, when the pistol went off, and Miss Holland's head fell forward. Dougal thought that his companion had fainted, and so placed her on the floor, propping up her head with some cushions which he took from the trap. Then he went indoors and fetched some brandy. While doing so he met the servant, and, not wishing to alarm her, said that her mistress had gone to London, and would return later.

On going back to the coach-house he found Miss Holland still unconscious, and, hoping to revive her, carried her into some fields. Gradually her pulse became more feeble. He grew demented, and went indoors again for a short while, and when he returned she was dead.

Terribly alarmed, he paced about for a little, thinking what he should do. Then an irresistible impulse seized him, and he took the body to the ditch, which was being filled up, and laid it carefully at the bottom, placing a lace handkerchief over the face. He next covered the corpse with straw, and on the top of all placed a thorn bush to keep the fowls from scratching away the straw. He did not fill up the ditch.

For hours he walked about the farm, and then went to bed. Next morning he found that the labourers had continued their work, and completely buried the remains of Miss Holland.

Forgetful of the fact that the body was found face downwards in the trench, Dougal thought that if he embodied this fabrication in a petition to the Home Secretary, that official would recommend that the sentence of death be commuted, so he prepared a lengthy statement of this case, and as an additional plea set forward the fact that at one time he had



been confined in a lunatic asylum. This, he urged, explained why he did not call for assistance when he saw that he had shot Miss Holland, and accounted for his having buried her secretly.

Having sent off this petition, Dougal's spirits rose a little. There was still a chance, he might still be spared the nameless grave, unhallowed by the rites of the church, the funeral attended but by the silent warders, a shroud of lime concealing the mark of the fatal rope.

Buoyed up by this hope, the uncertainty of his fate was more terrible than the knowledge that for him there remained but a few more days of life, and the awful spiritual struggle, the mental clinging to life which had preceded his trial, commenced again. Every footstep that resounded along the corridor leading to the cell was eagerly listened for; as it approached the prisoner rose to learn whether he was spared or whether he was to die. The strain on his nerves was terrible; he could not pray, he could scarcely think, half-finished thoughts chasing each other through his brain in mad confusion.

Anxious to give Dougal every chance, the Home Secretary sent an expert to Chelmsford to examine the convict, and on his report a paper was sent to Captain Connor, the

Governor of the Prison, for communication to the condemned man.

On Saturday, July 11, the cell door was opened, and the Governor of Chelmsford Gaol stood in the door. The warders saluted, and Dougal stood trembling, visibly agitated, to learn from the official's lips the final decree.

"The Home Secretary sees no reason to advise His Majesty to interfere with the due execution of the sentence of the law," were the words pronounced in a weak voice by the governor. Dougal reeled, almost fell, and then instantly recovered himself, and said, "Thank you, sir," in a quiet voice. The worst was over. He had but a few more hours to live.

The intervening moments sped by rapidly, and on the evening of Monday, July 13, Dougal lay down to rest for the last time on this earth. Till half-past three he slept soundly, but then he awoke, and thereafter slumbered but fitfully. At six o'clock on Tuesday, July 14, he rose and dressed in a leisurely fashion, and then put his cell tidy, covering his bed with a brown rug and setting on one side the various articles he had used during his occupancy of the condemned cell. Breakfast, consisting of an egg, tea, and bread and butter, was brought to him, and he ate everything that was provided with apparent relish. The chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Blake-more, then entered the cell, and Dougal prayed with him and listened to his pious exhortations till the moment for leaving the condemned cell arrived, apparently deriving consolation from the ministrations of the good clergyman, who had laboured so untiringly in his efforts to smooth the path of death for the doomed man.

On the previous evening Billington and an assistant arrived at Chelmsford, and stayed in the gaol for the night. The gallows and drop mechanism were inspected and the customary experiments carried out to make sure that no hitch should occur. The execution-shed—a permanent structure—is erected at one end of a courtyard, which the convict has to cross. The drop is level with the floor, and falls into a deep pit, the interior of which is painted red, while the shed is whitewashed. Billington fixed the rope to the beam, allowing a drop of six feet eight inches. All was then ready for the final scene.

A few minutes before eight the Governor of Chelmsford Gaol, accompanied by the Sheriff, officials, Pressmen, and Detective-sergeant Scott (who had special permission to witness the end of the Moat Farm murderer) came along the corridor towards the condemned cell, outside which Billington and his assistant were standing, the former holding a small strap with which to secure the condemned man's arms.

The executioners were introduced into the cell, and Dougal permitted Billington to prepare his neck for the noose without flinching. The chaplain left the apartment and took his stand just outside the door. A moment sufficed to pinion Dougal's arms, and then he walked to the door of the condemned cell, where two warders stood ready to escort him on his last march. His courage at this supreme moment was phenomenal.

Headed by the Sheriff's Marshal, clad in black knee breeches, coat, and cocked-hat, and carrying a small silver mace, the procession to the gallows set out, the chaplain preceding the culprit and reading the burial service. Along the corridor the party went, and out into the courtyard, where Dougal had his last glimpse of God's sun. The pathway across the yard was lined by warders, who stood bare-headed while the doomed man passed.

Passing through the door of the death chamber, Dougal immediately took his stand on the drop. The assistant stooped down and strapped the convict's legs while Billington adjusted the rope round the murderer's neck, pulling the noose tight. The white cap was pulled down, shutting out for ever the light of day; then the hangman stepped back and grasped the lever.

At the last instant, when he glanced at the convict to see that the eyelet of the rope was firmly fixed beneath his chin, his attention was drawn to the chaplain, who had pushed forward to the very edge of the drop, and was motioning to him to stop a moment.

With his hand on the lever Billington waited.

"Guilty or Not Guilty, Dougal?" asked the clergyman, the intense emotion almost overcoming him.

There was no response.

"Guilty or Not Guilty?" again asked the priest, in almost pleading tones.

From beneath the white cap, from the throat almost grasped in the clutches of Death, came the voice of Dougal,

"GUILTY!"

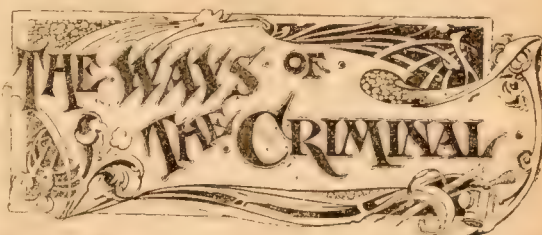
That was his last word on earth. The lever was drawn,

and the ponderous doors fell downward with a crash. There was a momentary quiver of the rope, and all was still. Dougal was dead, and one of the greatest scoundrels of modern times had gone to answer for his crimes before a higher tribunal than man's. From a distance seemed to come the faltering voice of the chaplain, of the poor culprit's last friend: "Into Thy hands we commend his spirit."

With a glance into the dark pit, where the outline of "something" could just be discerned at the end of the taut rope, the little knot of officials and spectators left the scene of the execution and retraced their steps into the prison.

The chaplain's action in seeking to press Dougal not to die with a lie on his lips was made the subject of a question in the House of Commons. The Home Secretary was asked whether such a course was sanctioned, and he said that steps would be taken to prevent it occurring again! Surely the chaplain's duty is to prepare the convict's soul for eternity, and not to study the comforts of the bystanders or the solemnity of a judicial function!

After hanging an hour the body was cut down and the customary autopsy performed. Then came the formal inquest, when it was certified that Samuel Herbert Dougal had been duly executed in accordance with the terms of the sentence passed upon him. Death was instantaneous, being due to dislocation of the spinal column. Hurriedly the warders filled up the common shell with lime and thrust it into an unhallowed grave in the prison grounds; the smoke from the bonfire destroying the murderer's clothes went up to heaven and vanished, and the last incident of the Moat Farm tragedy was ended. It is well.



XII.—MORE ABOUT SAFE-BREAKERS.



SOME few years ago a South London policeman had a remarkable experience. He was patrolling Kennington Fields, when his foot struck against some obstacle, and he fell headlong to the ground, tearing his trousers and cutting his leg on some metal as he overbalanced. When he recovered his senses he proceeded to investigate, and was considerably surprised to find that he had fallen over a safe. Further examination revealed the fact that the strong-box had been forced open and scattered around were the instruments which had been used for the purpose. Inside the safe he found securities and bills to the value of over £20,000. The burglars had left these severely alone. If they had taken them and attempted to turn them into money, their arrest would have been certain. So they made a virtue of necessity, and all they annexed was £1,500 in gold and notes. This fact was not discovered until some hours later, for the burglary had been committed in Euston Road, the safe having been stolen from a solicitor's office in that thoroughfare. The safe weighed 8cwt., and how the thieves removed it from Euston to Kennington Fields is a mystery to this day. Having got possession of it, however, they speedily forced it open with the aid of steel wedges and crowbars, thereafter vanishing with their plunder. At least six men must have been concerned in the robbery, but none of them were ever brought to justice, though the police had a shrewd idea that three men, who were a few weeks later convicted of another similar crime, had a hand in the one under notice.

The perpetrators of an even more daring robbery also managed to get clear away with their spoil. At a great manufacturing centre precautions were taken to protect the safe, and these safeguards were doubled one night every week. The safe was so placed that it was in full view of the policeman on the beat, who passed along every quarter of an hour. A bright light was left burning, and, as the safe stood out in bold relief, almost in the centre of the room, it was believed that there was little chance of it being rifled. But the people were a little too sure. One night last week the safe contained a large amount of money—several thousand pounds, in fact—in readiness for the payment of the workpeople on

the following day. Some expert safe cracksmen were aware of this fact, and determined to annex one week's wages. They had enormous difficulties to contend with. On the nights before pay-days the constables patrolling the street



How the constable "found" the stolen safe.

were acquainted with the valuable contents of the safe, and it was their special duty to keep an extra vigilant eye upon it. On the night of the robbery the constable passed and duly noted the safe. It was there all right each time he passed, there were no signs that it had been tampered with, and when he went off duty he reported the security of the safe to his sergeant.

It was not until the cashier of the firm arrived at his office at 9 o'clock in the morning that it was discovered that the safe had disappeared from its usual place. Instead of the steel strong-box he had been accustomed to, he found a beautifully-made imitation in cardboard and canvas. So well, indeed, was the duplicate fashioned that the man of the money did not notice anything wrong until he went to



A Manchester safe with the back torn open.

open the safe. Greatly to his surprise, the affair wobbled in an alarming fashion, and, when he leaned his weight upon it, the structure collapsed like a house of cards.

By this time some of the officials had arrived, and one of them found the real safe in an adjoining room. It had been broken open and cleared of its valuable contents. One side and the top of the safe were completely wrecked, and, lying around were bits of jagged metal and several powerful steel tools. It was not difficult to piece together the details of the robbery. The thieves, who numbered four or five, had entered the works through a back window, carrying with them the "dummy" safe, which, by the way, folded up flat. Lying close to the door of the front office, through which the policeman peeped, one member of the gang, it was surmised, listened intently for the approach of the constables, and signalled his coming to his accomplices working at the safe. The latter, after finishing their preparations, with remarkable speed dragged the safe from the position in which they found it, and, replacing it with the imitation, proceeded to work at their ease and with very little fear of detection. They left by the way they had come, and were lucky enough to be able to enjoy the proceeds of their crime. Their haul amounted to close upon £3,000, and it may be believed that, with this sum to divide between them, the burglars had a right royal time.

In the case of a safe in a Manchester shop, the burglars were at less pains to dodge the police. The safe stood in the centre of a room and could be seen by the policemen as they passed. The burglars, conducted their operations from the back, hiding there when constables approached. A powerful screw-jack was applied to the edge of the back, and at the



A Shutter Cutter. Ingenious; but rarely used—being a little too obvious for safety.

bottom, and the metal was torn clean away. As can be seen from the illustration which accompanies this article, the same process was repeated on the inner cases of the safe, and the contents were at the mercy of the robbers.

Two, very interesting safe-breakers' tools are also depicted by our artist. The first is a ratchet and bit—the ordinary ratchet of commerce, by the way, adapted to the uses of the criminal fraternity. The implement shown is about two feet long, and was used in a Saturday to Monday job. The thieves having entered the premises, quietly sat down to work, and with the ratchet making holes of about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, proceeded to cut out the lock. Each hole ran into the next one, and in this way, after boring about thirty holes, the thief succeeded in bodily removing the lock. Then he commenced to repeat the process on the top and bottom bolts, but the work was too hard and occupied too much time. So, laying aside the ratchet, he, or they, brought crowbars and a jack into use, and eventually burst the door open. The corrugated edges of the lock in the picture show the marks of the ratchet.

The second implement is used for wooden shutters, and it is so arranged that, whilst the centre-bit worms its way into the wood, one of the cutters acts as a knife and the other as a scoop.

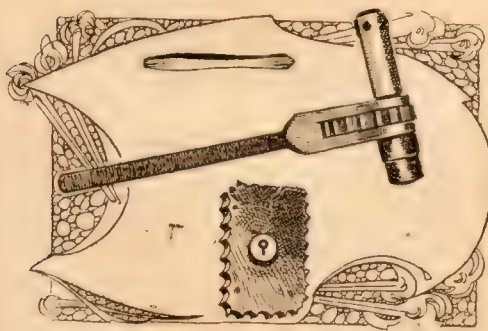
On the same occasion a home-made ratchet was discovered, which was used more for the purpose of

cutting steel or iron shutters than for safes, though when the police obtained possession of it, they found it by the side of a ransacked strong-box. The cutters in this implement are of chilled steel, whilst the centre-bit, which is a screw, can be moved up and down, so that the size of the hole cut can be easily regulated. The knives at each end are kept in position by powerful screws. The centre bit is longer than the cutters. As it drives its way into the steel the knives are also driven in, and the operation is kept up until a circular piece of the safe is taken clean out. In the case under notice the cutter had been used on the back of a thin safe, and had cut through both outer and inner casings.

In a previous article we referred to the fact that in a burglar's outfit in Scotland Yard a canister of explosive powder occupied a prominent position. Years ago safe-breakers, in their efforts to get at the contents of the iron chests, resorted to the practice of blowing in the locks. In several cases this expedient worked successfully, but in others the explosion, whilst wrecking the lock, fastened the door more securely than ever, and the burglars were in a worse position than when they started operations. One man even tried melting the lock of a safe, but when he had fused the metal and caused all the wards to stick together, he was obliged to relinquish his labours. That, however, is another story. The explosive most in favour with safe-breakers was nitro-glycerine, and, when blowing up the lock failed to work, they changed their plan of attack and blew up the whole safe.

To do this successfully a great amount of care had to be exercised, whilst extraordinary precautions were taken—both to prevent the noise of the explosion drawing unwelcome attention to their nefarious efforts and to obviate any danger to themselves.

In the instances where safes were destroyed in this manner, the methods of the thieves were almost exactly the same. First the safe at the edges of seams and hinges was plastered with the explosive. Then it was covered with many thicknesses of felt, one small aperture being left over the keyhole. With an exhaust pump inserted here the air inside the safe was drawn out, so as, if possible, to create a vacuum, and at the same time nitro-glycerine was forced into the lock until it was hermetically sealed. Then when all was ready a slow match was attached to the lock and lit, after which the operators retired to a respectable distance to await results. The felt deadened the sound of the explosion, and a dull thud, inaudible outside the building proclaimed that the safe was ready to yield up its contents. When the burglars returned to the scene of their work they would find that the safe was in ruins, and all they had to do was to dig the valuables out of the debris.



Safe lock cut out with ratchet drill.

But when portable electric batteries began to be sold, safe-breakers discarded the slow match, and fired the explosive by means of electricity.

It is satisfactory to know, as we wrote at the commencement of these articles, that there are not many safe-breakers in England, and the few that are known are in the clutches of the law. One of them is serving a life sentence for a daring robbery. He is strongly suspected by the police of having committed a murder in a London suburb, and some day, when it is possible to do so, we shall have a sensational story of this man's doings to unfold.



"A man! nay, nay, good brother, not a man! But one so put upon by dire oppression, Outrage, and awful tyranny, that he Became an instrument of dreadful vengeance; And spent his soul in compassing the doom Of tyrants."

—From "The Brothers," An Old Tragedy ascribed to Nicholas Rowe.



NE cannot help observing when studying military life and the machine-like obedience that its organisation of necessity demands of the men to the word of their superior how peculiarly adapted such a mode of existence is for the exercise of tyrannical

powers. Militarism has been by many applauded as the inculcator of some of the best and strongest attributes of manhood into individuals inclined towards weakness and mental and moral anæmia.

That this is so in some instances we will not deny; but on the other hand it is a fact that militarism, from the absolute subservience of the thinking powers that it demands of and enforces in the individual, only too often transforms a man from a speculative being into an infinitesimal portion, that is slid backwards and forwards in its appointed groove, of a vast machine. A community constructed upon such a basis—a community in which the word of one man is the law of a thousand—must give to the tyrant infinite opportunities that would certainly not be open to him in a more reasonably constituted society. Here we use the word reasonably in no anti-military sense, but rather to indicate that of necessity military life is one in which the reasoning faculties of the ordinary man are brought into no prominence, but are instead forced to become subservient to the word and, in some cases, the whim of a superior.

To that section of the French army which is quartered in Algiers there was attached some forty-five years ago a sergeant master shoemaker named Laurent.

Laurent was by birth a Breton, had been brought up to fear God and to honour a king, and had been trained by his parents to the trade of shoemaking. He was not a man of any marked reasoning faculties, neither was he a man of profound convictions; he made a good soldier.

He was tall, strong, and handsome, good-tempered, and disposed to be sociable, so that he was voted by his comrades a good fellow.

He was fond of a glass in moderation, chivalrous towards women, and withal deeply religious—that is to say, he went to Mass, confessed his sins, and regarded a priest somewhat in the light of a supernatural being.

Laurent's captain was named Bervue, who was nothing if not a tyrant. Bervue, from the first moment he set eyes upon Laurent, marked him down as an enemy and a fit object for persecution. The precise reason of Bervue's sudden hatred for the soldier is difficult to determine. Certainly their natures were in all respects opposite, the one being the complete antithesis of the other, and there is a possibility that the half-childish Breton characteristics that were so prominent in Laurent, his excessive good temper and cheerfulness, jarred upon the morose and gloomy-dispositioned captain.

In person Bervue was short and thin, with high cheekbones, small dark eyes, and iron-grey hair.

His lips were thin, and at times, when twisted into a smile, would give a decidedly sinister turn to his countenance.

The captain's chief satellite and sycophantic shadow was Sergeant-Major Larne, a soldier with brutal and debased instincts, but for all capable of great cunning. He was the ever-faithful dog who licked up the crumbs that fell from the captain's plate, and as such stood high in his superior's favour.

One day he and Bervue contrived a scheme for the ruin of Laurent. The captain sent for the soldier, and on his arrival said:

"Laurent, you are a shoemaker?"

"That is so, captain."

"You make boots well?"

"Excellently well, captain, although I say it who should not."

"Good. We shall want here four hundred pairs of boots for the troops shortly. I will commission you to superintend the making, and out of this you should be able to make a very nice little profit."

Laurent's face was wreathed in smiles.

"Most noble captain, you overwhelm me," he said. "I

He wrote this letter, diffuse in its expressions of love and endearment, and then set off post-haste for Algiers to a leather factory.

He wished to purchase a large quantity of material for which he could not pay in ready money. He explained the situation to the merchant, the extensive order for boots that the captain had given him, and asked for credit.

"Let me see your contract," said the merchant.

"My contract! Here, read it, and see that I speak the truth."

Laurent proudly pulled the paper from his tunic and handed it to his more astute and business-like companion. The man read it carefully through a pair of horn spectacles, and then returned it to Laurent.

"Your captain has not signed this contract," said he with a smile.

"Signed it! No, I never thought of that, but of course he will do."

"May be, but under the circumstances I can only let you have the leather on one condition."

"And that, my worthy friend, and that?" impatiently cried Laurent.



A BULLET BROKE THROUGH THE SYCOPHANT'S JAW.

shall be your eternal debtor. I can never repay your kindness and goodness to me."

A shadow of a smile passed over Captain Bervue's sallow features as he got up from his chair and waived aside Laurent's acknowledgements with a light gesture.

"It is simply a matter of duty," said he, lighting a cheroot. "We must find the best man for the work. I hope I have found him."

"May I deserve your good opinion!" cried the irrepressible Breton soldier, bursting with pride and gratitude.

"We shall see. Now, first of all, can you obtain the leather?"

"Certainly—in Algiers." (The regiment was at that time quartered at Aumale.) "I will ask you for a day's leave, captain."

"It is granted."

Laurent left the presence of Captain Bervue the happiest man in Aumale. He saw glorious vistas of the future, with himself comparatively wealthy, happy, and distinguished, with his little Yvonne.

An order for four hundred pairs of shoes! Why, it would mean a fortune! Yes, he must write to the little Yvonne, tell her of his good luck, tell her to come to him at once, and above all tell her that he was waiting to marry her.

"You must give me bills for — francs to be made payable at a certain date, and —"

"I must become responsible myself for the goods?"

"Most assuredly."

Then followed the haggling and bartering that is usually associated with such transactions, the end of which was that the merchant made a good bargain and Laurent a very bad one.

He signed bills for a considerable amount, and in return received assurances that the leather should be forwarded to him at Aumale in the course of the next few days.

He set off for Aumale himself forthwith, well pleased with his own business capabilities and gloriously happy in his great expectations of good fortune.

When he reached his destination he was sent for by Captain Bervue.

"Ah!" said Laurent to Sergeant-Major Larne, "I know what it is; he forgot to sign my contract. He wishes to do so now."

Larne shrugged his shoulders. "It is possible," said he with a grin.

"Laurent," said the captain when the soldier had been ushered into his presence, "I have sad news for you."

"Sad news, captain? I grieve to hear it," answered Laurent, the smile disappearing from his ruddy countenance.

Bervue lit a cigar, and, going to his desk, took out a paper, which he did not hand to Laurent.

"I have here," he said, "an order countermanding the previous order for boots. We shall now, it seems, require no boots. I am sorry because you have had a journey for nothing; but still, these things cannot be helped."

Laurent seemed quite stunned; he stared about the room in a dazed manner, trying hard to grasp the full significance of Bervue's remarks. At last he spoke.

"But this is monstrous, captain! No boots, and I have ordered the leather!"

"And paid for it?"

"How could I? But I have given bills for it."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Bervue with a smile, as he flicked the ashes dropped from his cigar off his tunic.

"But, captain, I shall be ruined! It is disgraceful!"

"It is unfortunate."

"It is a scandal—a wicked scandal!"

"Remember to whom you are speaking, Laurent," said the captain, with a sudden change of tone, regarding the helpless soldier with the stern gaze of the commandant.

Laurent was silenced; the military habit overpowered his emotions. He was a common soldier, Bervue was a captain, therefore he could not remonstrate; he must simply endure.

He drew himself up and saluted, and marched out of his oppressor's presence with a firm tread, but when he got outside he stumbled and walked unsteadily.

Sergeant-Major Larné, who was watching him, wondered whether it would be advisable to arrest him for drunkenness, but the sergeant never liked to act on his own initiative, so he contented himself with sidling up to Laurent and asking in ironical tones whether the captain had signed his contract.

Why did not Laurent turn and strike him to the earth? Why did he meekly shake his head and pass on?

Why? Larné was a sergeant-major and he but a private, and he remembered that the superior can do no wrong.

Poor Laurent! he had fallen from the giddy heights of expectant happiness and good fortune into an abyss of despair, and, bruised and bleeding as he was from his fall, he still remembered that he was a soldier. Imminent ruin stared him in the face; in a few days he would be burdened with an enormous quantity of material for which he had no use, and for which he would have to pay.

Where was he to find the money? What was he to do with the leather? He must write to the Algerian merchant, put the whole facts of the case before him, countermand the order, and trust to the man's good nature.

He wrote this letter and received a reply in which the merchant said he must stick to his bond, but made a certain suggestion which, he said, would simplify matters and make the transaction one of profit for all parties concerned.

Laurent, once more full of hope, flew to Captain Bervue with the merchant's letter.

"Well, what is it?" said Bervue.

"Captain, I have here a letter from the man of whom I have ordered the leather."

"The leather! Of what are you talking, Laurent?"

"Of what am I talking? Surely you remember, captain, the order for the boots—the order which was countermanded?"

"Ah, yes, to be sure; I forgot for the moment. One has to attend to so many things. Pray proceed, Laurent."

Rather damped in spirit by this welcome, the soldier went on with his story.

"Well, captain, I wrote this man and told him of the state of affairs, and asked him to tear up the bills I gave him and forget the whole business."

Bervue burst out laughing.

"He, of course, will not do so?"

"No, he will not do so; but he makes a suggestion."

"What is his suggestion? Be quick, Laurent, for I'm busy."

"He says, captain, that if you would sign the contract to me and ante-date it, so that it might appear to have been executed before the countermanding order arrived, all would be well."

Bervue got out of his chair and walked straight up to Laurent.

"You ask me to do this?" he said in slow, level tones.

"I beseech you, captain, I pray of you to save me from ruin."

Tears stood in the soldier's eyes. He clasped his hands in an attitude of passionate supplication.

"Laurent," thundered Bervue, raising his voice, "you insult me! You ask me to do a dishonest action. You are a vagabond! Get out of my sight!"

Laurent reeled; his face turned scarlet.

"But, captain, listen to me, I implore you; you are ruining me!"

"Ruining you, scum of the gutter that you are! Think yourself lucky that I allow you to leave my presence free. Go!"

Laurent staggered away, broken and humbled in spirit.

He wrote again to the merchant, informing him of his interview with Captain Bervue and telling him at any rate to keep his leather.

In the reply he received the merchant commiserated with him on his ill-fortune, suggested that he had been the sport of the captain's dislike, and finished up by saying that he as a business man must hold him to his bond. The leather was ready packed and waiting for him, and in due course for this he should enforce the payment of the bills.

At the same time, Laurent received another letter, one written in a small, cramped, unlettered, feminine hand.

Yvonne! Yvonne had written to congratulate him on his good fortune!

With streaming eyes he opened the little note and read:

"MY OWN LOVE.—The good God is indeed kind to us. He has answered my poor prayers for you. I am coming to you at once. Oh, how happy we shall be! What joy to be together, and you will be quite rich, too. Think of it—four hundred pairs of boots! But you must not forget to thank the good God.—Your loving

"YVONNE."

The hot tears fell from Laurent's eyes and blistered the pages of the poor little letter. Misfortunes were crowding upon him, jostling each other in their number. Yvonne was coming to Aumale—was on her way. What would she say when she found all their bright castles that they had been building in the air had crumbled into dust? What would be her feelings on finding her lover, not rich in expected fortune, but poor beyond poverty, a man facing imminent ruin?

Laurent gave over thinking, speculating on the possible misfortunes the future still held in store for him, and went into hospital.

For a few days he was delirious. The Gallic temperament is frequently afflicted by temporary loss of reason—and his life was despaired of—but he was recalled to sanity and comparative health by the arrival of Yvonne.

She was a thin slip of a girl, with amber-coloured hair, pouting lips, rather light blue eyes, and a winsome manner.

She took up her quarters in the town and visited Laurent daily in hospital, supplying him with fruit and flowers and an occasional stolen kiss. She had formerly lived with Laurent as his mistress, and was now hoping on the strength of his expectations from the boot order to once more take up that position. Like Laurent, she was deeply religious, but her morals fell short of perfection.

When her lover was sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital he told her of the calamity that had befallen him over the boot transaction.

Yvonne listened calmly; when he had finished talking she put her arms round him and kissed him again and again.

"Can you, Yvonne, accept all this serenely?" exclaimed Laurent. "You do not understand."

"I do."

"We are poor."

"We are rich."

"Art thou mad? I am poorer than I have ever been."

"And I am rich."

"In what?"

"In love—in your love."

"Is your love for me, then, dearest Yvonne, so great?"

For answer she put up her smiling lips, and so for a season Laurent forgot his malign fortune, the bills and the leather, in a glad renewal of kisses.

But Captain Bervue had not as yet fully satisfied his unaccountable hatred for the Breton soldier.

He was continually looking about for a further opportunity to pour the vials of his tyrannical wrath upon the head of his unfortunate victim, and one day the long-sought opportunity was found.

He was talking with Larné, when Yvonne passed by in the company of Laurent.

Bervue stared at her, and thought her a rather attractive-looking girl, but depreciated the slimness of her figure.

"Who is that girl?" he asked Larné.

"That? Oh, some coquette that is kept by Laurent."

"Indeed! I have not seen her before."

"No, captain; Laurent sent for her some short time ago. She only arrived lately."

"A loose character, Larné?"

"Undoubtedly, captain."

"I will not have such persons about the camp; send Laurent to me."

The sergeant-major saluted and went off with a merry twinkle in his eye in search of the Breton.

"Private Laurent, you are wanted by the captain," he said, touching him on the shoulder.

"I? What is it, sergeant?"

"You will see; nothing very pleasant, I fancy."

"Laurent," said Bervue sternly when the soldier stood before him—"Laurent, you have brought a woman into the camp?"

"Captain, I love her."

"I am not interested in that. You have brought a woman into the camp?"

"It is true."

"She is your mistress—you live with this creature?"



Put her arms round him.

"Oh, captain—"

"Is it not so?" cried Bervue angrily.

"It is true."

"I will not have my camp turned into a home for trollops. I must preserve decency. Send this baggage off about her business. I will not have her here. You understand?"

Laurent was white to the lips, his blood boiled inwardly, but for all that his soldier's training restrained him from felling Bervue to the ground, as his natural instincts prompted him to.

"Captain," said he after a pause, "this girl is not what you suppose. I have treated her wickedly, and it is likely that she will have a child. I wish to marry her."

"Marry her, Laurent?"

"That is my wish, captain."

"Preposterous! I shall permit no such thing. When you have served your time you may act as you choose. While

you are under my orders you obey me. I shall personally see this woman is removed at once. I have done."

Bervue turned on his heel and walked away, leaving Laurent stunned and maddened, yet impotent.

He was in despair as to how to act. The captain was his sworn enemy—he saw that clearly enough now—and an all-powerful one. What was to be done? Yvonne had told him that very morning that she was likely to have a child, and he had replied that he would marry her at once.

He loved the girl passionately; he felt his love for her grow and ripen daily, and he would rather cut off his right hand than see her dishonoured. He wished to marry her, to claim her for his own, to shield her from ignominy and the scorn of the world, and here was his captain interfering and forbidding him to do that which any man with a spark of honour would have applauded and assisted him to accomplish. What was to be done? Yvonne would be removed from the vicinity of the camp as an undesirable personage by Bervue's orders forthwith. Should he follow her? No; he would be caught and degraded and imprisoned for desertion, and that would only mean dishonour and destitution for Yvonne and their child. Then he thought of his father and mother. What did they do when in a dilemma? They went to a priest. Ah! that was it. He would go to the curé, place him in possession of the facts of the case, and prevail upon the good man to plead his cause with Bervue.

This he accordingly did, and the curé at once sought an interview with the captain. He pleaded on behalf of Laurent and Yvonne eloquently, but to little purpose. Bervue was obdurate.

"This woman is nothing but a prostitute," said he.

"My son, I do not believe it. Laurent's one thought is to marry her."

"Laurent is a fool."

"The child! If there is a child—think of the child."

"How does the idiot Laurent know that the whelp will be his? Besides, that is a long way off. The fellow will have changed his mind."

And so they argued and disputed, the while Laurent waited outside, tortured with doubt, hope, and conjecture.

Larné was waiting also, about some business connected with the proposals for the military medal.

"I suppose I am to get one?" remarked Laurent.

"You! No, the captain will never propose you."

"But, sergeant, I have served fifteen years, and I have never been punished for an infraction of discipline during the whole of that time."

"No matter; you will not get the medal."

"It was always understood that I should."

"You are imaginative. I have seen the proposed list; you are not down for it."

Laurent said no more. What was an additional disappointment when misfortunes crowded upon him in companies?

The curé came out presently from his interview with Bervue, and told Laurent of his unsuccess.

"It was quite useless, my son, quite useless," he said.

Laurent hurried to that portion of the town where Yvonne lodged. He found her out, and was told that two soldiers, armed with an order from the captain of the district, had removed her forcibly, and where it was not known.

Laurent was like a madman. Yvonne gone—removed, snatched from him without a word, a kiss, or a farewell! Oh, it was too hard! It was unsupportable!

He paced about like a man distraught, brooding over the many wrongs he had suffered from Captain Bervue and his satellite, Larné, thinking of the terror that must now possess Yvonne, a girl naturally timid.

She would be asking for him, calling for him, praying for him, and he could not go to her; did not, in fact, know where she was or what was being done to her.

That evening he met a couple of brother soldiers who told him that they had just been past the captain's quarters, and that they had heard a woman crying in one of the rooms. An awful suspicion entered Laurent's mind.

He fled from his comrades like a man possessed of devils, his face white and drawn, his lips parted in an insane grin. He ran to the captain's quarters and demanded admittance. Larné came out, looking rather scared, and told him that the captain was out on business. What did he want?

"Nothing—nothing; it will do another time," he murmured, and crept away, but returned later, and, skirting the front entrance warily, peeped through one of the back windows, all of which, it may be mentioned, were protected by iron bars.

The room into which he looked was quite dark, but he could hear voices speaking in a whisper, and could dimly

discern moving figures. He heard a woman's, stifled sob, and his horror-stricken heart told him that the sob came from Yvonne.

Then he heard the coarse, brutal laughter of Larne, mingled with the high treble laugh of Bervue.

They were talking, too, but in accents too low for Laurent to hear.

Suddenly an inner door was thrown open, throwing a momentary streak of light into the bedroom.

Laurent saw Captain Bervue and Larne leave the room; he saw the indistinct form of a woman on the bed, and then he heard the key turned in the lock of the door and the sound of retreating footsteps.

He could hear nothing now but the low, choked sobbing of the woman.

He pressed his burning face against the window, and cried out, "Yvonne! Yvonne! Yvonne!" No answer. Could she not, then, hear him? Did she not know who was calling?

Yes, she heard! She rose from the bed and pressed her face against the inner side of the window and looked into the eyes of Laurent.

Oh, horror! is this the face of Yvonne—this bloodless, pain-drawn, ghastly mask of a tortured woman, with bleeding lips and wild, protruding eyes?

Her lips moved.

Laurent could not distinctly hear what she said, but he understood the two words: "Kill them!"

He walked calmly from the captain's quarters to his own. He did not look at all mad now, but very quiet and sedate.

Why did he not demand entrance into Bervue's house? Because it would have been denied him; he would have been arrested for "drunkenness," and there the affair would have ended.

But Yvonne? If she had been discovered by the populace?

Oh! it would simply have been explained that she was a loose woman who had been removed from the camp and had been locked up in a back room in the captain's quarters—a better prison failing—until it was convenient to transport her to other climes. As for her assertions, they would have been met with indignant incredulity.

Such women have been known to attempt blackmail before.

Meanwhile, Laurent reached his own quarters.

He took down three pistols, cleaned the barrels carefully with a piece of rag, looked well to the primings, and then loaded each weapon with ball and a small portion of *dirty copper*. The insertion of the latter was an afterthought, and came to him in the light of an inspiration.

If the wounds resulting from his shots should fail to prove fatal he argued that the copper would poison the blood, and so contrive his enemies' deaths in a more painful if slower fashion.

It will be noticed that Laurent was very precise about these matters when he did set about them, and showed much forethought.

He only inserted the copper into two of the weapons; the other he loaded simply with ball.

He put the loaded pistols in a row on the table, and sat for a while regarding them with a curious satisfaction.

"One for Bervue," he said, "one for Larne, and one for me. And may God have mercy on my soul, and may God damn theirs to eternity! May they never cease to rot and writhe in hell!"

He took up the pistols carefully and went out.

He walked with measured stride to the captain's quarters, who he knew would be leaving at a certain hour, as he was dining with a brother officer. He loitered about for some time, not daring to go near the windows of that awful room where Yvonne was incarcerated. He could not bear to look upon Yvonne again.

Presently the front door swung open, and Bervue and Larne came swaggering out, both talking and laughing loudly.

"It was good sport, captain," said the latter.

"Yes; may I never pass a less merry evening. Laurent has not bad taste, eh?"

"My God, look there!"

The exclamation came from Larne, who saw the tall, unmistakable form of Laurent standing some little distance away in their path.

The figure raised its arm and fired.

A bullet crushed through Bervue's head, scattering his brains, bespattering Larne with his life's blood.

Half-blinded, the sergeant-major reeled backwards.

The figure again raised its arm and fired.

A bullet broke through the sycophant's jaw and stretched him lifeless by the side of his dead commander.

Laurent once more raised his arm, this time with the elbow crooked and the mouth of the pistol touching his own forehead, and—it was knocked up from behind, the weapon exploded in the air, and the murderer was seized by a couple of soldiers, who had rushed out after the first shot from a neighbouring doorway.

A fearful struggle ensued, Laurent struggling with all the mad strength hate, fury, and revenge lent to his always powerful frame to free himself from the grasp of his captors and somehow end his life.

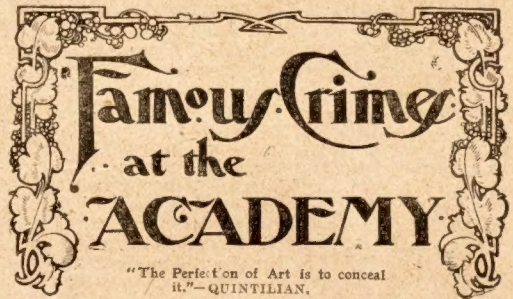
People came running to the scene of the tragedy. A drummer-boy slipped on the brains of his dead captain and fell forwards, and Laurent was speedily secured.

At his trial, which followed soon afterwards, he spoke in his own defence, and the concluding sentences of his speech are worthy of reproduction, if only to show the temper in which the crime was committed.

"Yes," he exclaimed, almost proudly, "I slew Captain Bervue and Sergeant-Major Larne, and I would to God that I had them before me now to slay them again! Such men deserve to die more than once. You know my wrongs; you know the terrible outrage that was committed upon the woman I loved. Which of you, my judges, under similar circumstances would not have done as I have done?"

Laurent was found guilty of murder and sentenced to penal servitude for life, following his military degradation.

It was a severe sentence—a sentence, we submit, unwarrantably so—for to us it seems that a soul so tortured, so direfully afflicted as Laurent's was, should at least be accorded a physician—who more fitting for such a case could be found than the merciful little Doctor Guillotine?



A FEW years back there was a striking picture called "A glass of wine with Caesar Borgia" at the Academy, and as FAMOUS CRIMES has lately dealt with the poisons of the Borgias, it struck us that the 1903 pictures would awake pleasing reminiscences of our text, or suggest material of interest to our readers. In all the 788 oil paintings there is but one, namely, No. 538, "Rosamond," by Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale, which suggests a famous crime of the first water. "Eleanor, Queen, was plain to be seen; Rosamond was a beauty," it tells us in the old song. There is sweet Rosamond, with a tear in her eye, having been given the choice of "Eleanor's poisoned bowl or dagger," one of which was to "send her to Kingdom Come"—again to quote the old bard. In the bottom panel of the picture there is Fair Rosamond's coffin being borne to the grave on the shoulders of some sturdy monks. One must not be too hard on a jealous wife, but we think that if Queen Eleanor was stony-hearted enough to murder Rosamond, the latter might have insisted that the Queen Consort did her own killing. No. 427, "The Prodigal Daughter," by the Hon. John Collier, reminds us of Miss Bessie Bellwood's chorus:

"Has anyone seen my Mary Ann?

She packed up her traps and away she ran.

To keep that girl straight I did all I could;

But she said, if she wanted to go, she would.

She'd a kind friend in London, who'd give her a start,

And help her to be a Society tart.

And then she would marry a nobleman!

Has anyone seen my Mary Ann?"

How they chorussed that song at the London Pavilion in the year of Queen Victoria's first jubilee, in 1887! Mr. Collier's model is another Mary Ann. She has put her shoulders to the door, and she is telling her reverend father and her dis-

tracted mother that she has "flung her bonnet over the windmill," as the French say. The vicar of Wakefield had other children, besides Olivia. This naughty girl seems to be the only sheep of the paternal flock. It is not a picture that we should buy for a whiskey almanack. The "Royal Naval Cadets" (486), by Philip C. Smallfield, wear blue bathing-drawers, but not "university costume." "The Bathers," by Ernest Ibbotson (No. 7), wear *pura naturalia*, a "contravention," as they call it on the Continent, which would not be tolerated in the River Thames. No. 363, Percy Buckram's "A Half-Holiday," also shows bathers mid nodings on. Readers of "Margaret Catchpole, the Courageous Cook, the Bride of Botany Bay," in FAMOUS CRIMES, will notice No. 140, "In the Country of Constable," by David Murray, A.R.A., and the same artist's "The Orwell, from Wolverstone Park, Suffolk" (No. 457). We must pull this artist up, however. He has a picture called "June" (No. 50), signed and dated "1903." Now, the Academy opens in May! The girl in the punt is wearing a hideous hat, the like of which we hope never to cast eyes on in the current summer. And now that we are finding serious fault, we must object to No. 53, the Rev. Cecil Legard being painted as wearing a black birdseye scarf. Herman G. Herkomer is the artist, and he probably obeyed orders. But the black birdseye scarf is uncanonical. Parsons who go to Newmarket sometimes discard clerical attire. We don't like them for it. We know of a photographer who asked the headmaster of a school he was photographing what he thought of the Education Act. The reply given was, "Well, at any rate, it keeps the parsons in order." The man with the camera produced a pasteboard printed, "Rev. X—Y—." It is not fair, and we hope the Rev. Cecil Legard will adopt canonicals. Mr. T. Blake Wirgman has shown the Rev. A. T. Wirgman, D.D., Canon of Grahamstown, in yellow canonicals that almost rival the splendour of No. 719, P. Tennyson-Cole's picture of Lieutenant-Colonel Probyn, Mayor of Westminster, 1902.

No. 720, "A Mischievous Model" (Douglas McGrigor), shows a little girl in the act of stealing sugar. No. 270, "A Penitent," gives us a boy who has stolen an apple from a priest's orchard being taken by his mother before His Reverence. No. 171, "The Stowaway" (Henry S. Tuke, A.R.A.), describes itself. The youngster will probably get a rope's ending, and before long the ship's company will wonder however they could have got along, supposing the lad had never hidden himself on board their vessel. No. 412, "Within Sound of the Guns" (Lady Butler), shows us some mounted troops in South Africa, one of whose predecessors has let his hat blow off. It was a "Famous Crime" to invent hats of that ridiculous pattern. No. 167, "The Funeral of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria," gave Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., a chance to draw *something more or less like a gun-wheel*. For the gun-wheel does look like a gun-wheel, and it has fourteen spokes. The limber-wheel, however, is drawn with twelve spokes only. It is the mistake of the artist. They do some queer things at Woolwich Arsenal, in the way of ammunition not being suited for the guns. But the Royal Carriage Department is beyond reproach. A wheel is a very difficult thing to draw. You have first of all to learn something about the construction of a wheel, and then how to draw it comes quite easy. In the Water Colour, No. 930, "The Black Watch on the Trek," Mr. W. Skeoch-Cumming has drawn a bullock-cart with a wheel with fourteen spokes, right enough. But a wheel is a little too much for the artist. On the wall of an officer's guard-room pictures have allowances made for them. At the Royal Academy we expect things to be O.K.

We had said there was hardly a suggestion of crime in the Royal Academy. There is a magnificent bust of Cecil Rhodes to remind us of the Jameson Raid. The marble was chiselled by Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., and the work is dignified and life-like. The picture of Cecil Rhodes's house, "Groote Schuur," is nothing for M. Jean M. Rogier to be proud of. The vermilion is garish. We must complain of the catalogue. There never was a "Cameronian Highlander." The Camerons resent being mistakenly called Cameronians. Some of the pictures' titles don't explain themselves enough. "The Home Squadron" (329, Mr. John R. Reid) shows a mother and children playing on the quay. Where? Why not tell us? There is a *soupeon* of Kinsale. Is it Kinsale? On the other hand, Mr. H. von Herkomer, R.A., has painted Major-General R. S. S. Baden Powell, C.B., as a major-general, wearing all his medal-ribbons, sitting on one of Julius Weil's Mafeking ration boxes. Anachronistic, surely! "B. P." was made major-general on the relief of Mafeking, and the South African medal ribbon was not invented until the following year, or thereabouts. There is a queer picture,

really excellent, by Mr. Robert Spence, of "George Fox at Lichfield," cursing like any Shimei. But we shan't steal it. The Famous Crimes, when we go burling at the Royal Academy, will be our annexing 439, Edith Scannell's "Brambles" (a little girl caught in a briar-patch); 534, "One of our Conquerors," a beautiful lady in a picture hat (picture by Frank Dicksee, R.A.); 758, Henry J. Haley's "The Engraving Apprentice" (will that intelligent and gentlemanly-faced boy ever forge bank notes? *Absit omen!*); 631, "Miss Mercy Longstaff," in a red Spanish hat, painted by Mr. John Longstaff, and the picture of Mrs. C. Goldsborough Anderson (by her husband). This is the gem of the exhibition. How anybody could remain to smoke a cigarette when that charming hostess was awaiting him in the drawing-room—why, it would almost be a crime! Sargent's picture of the Earl of Cromer (No. 458) is an excellent portrait of a very distinguished son of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, who would not let any task be too big for him. No. 775, "A Flower Service," by Percy Tarrant, shows the crime of robbing children of their babyhood. The younger little tot has very properly fallen asleep. No. 780, Fred Morgan's "Hunt the Slipper," is a charming child-study. The game is punishable, if played under the name of "coddam" on licensed premises. No. 608, Alfred H. Moore's "Isola Bella," is as pretty and as portable as a bit of Meissonnier. Is it as valuable? There are two card pictures; 335, "Played Out," i.e., "Stone Broke," by Talbot Hughes, represents a gentleman retiring from the card-room like an honest man who has lost as much as he can afford; 509, "The Bitterness of Dawn," John A. Lomax, shows a rake who has had a card-party at his own house. The floor is covered with the "Devil's Books," and, from the look on the man's face, we feel sorry for some of the folks to whom he owes "debts of honour." They are likely to have to wait for a good proportion. That is where the hard lines come in. You pay up yourself when you lose, and then a chap like this can't face the music. It is a crime!

Were we going to start a fraudulent company, we should buy some landscapes for our office walls. We have mentioned those of Mr. David Murray. We should like 162, "Borderland; Fair Eskdale, Up and Down," by T. Hodgson Liddell. Very much should we like "A Garden of Promise, Groot Constantia, Cape Colony," where Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rudyard Kipling lately had a lunch on the Cape Government wine farm. Mr. James S. Morland is the artist. Were we the proprietors of "Tatcho," we should send circulars to a noble lord whose portrait is at Burlington House. There is a picture by Dorothy (Lady) Stanley, called "Leap Frog" (704). One boy is not playing the game. He makes no pretence at "tucking in his twopenny." Shall we "have him by-and-by" in FAMOUS CRIMES? A water-colour, No. 887, "Fascination," by A. M. Rossi, is a girl's school incident. It rather suggests "Claudine à l'école," barring that the girl who is out of bed is reading a novel bound in cloth. Now, French books are all paper covered, and some of them should not even be hinted at.



A New "Bringing Up."

LORD COLERIDGE was once on a trip by water to Margate, with a friend of his, a schoolmaster, who was very sick during the whole voyage, and as he was leaning over the side of the vessel busily engaged in his unpleasant occupation, Coleridge said to him: "Why, Thompson, I didn't expect this of you; I thought you brought up nothing but young gentlemen!"

Had he Been an Attorney—.

A MAN was once charged before the great Lord Mansfield with having stolen a silver ladle. The counsel for the prosecution, in describing the circumstances, said, with a note of horror in his tones, that the prisoner was believed to be an attorney.

"Humph!" quoth my lord, "that can hardly be. 'Had he been an attorney he would have taken the bowl as well!'"

The Fighting Attornies.

A DUEL once took place between two attornies, and one of the contestants contrived to shoot away a portion of his opponent's coat.

His second complimented him on the shot, adding that he supposed, had his rival been a client, he would have hit his pocket.

Criminal Problems

RELATIVE PUNISHMENTS.—THE RATIONALE OF IMPRISONMENT

IN the days when the world was young, and, consequently, offences were chiefly confined to assaults and murders, the law of retaliation held sway. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" represented the entire penal code; punishment was personal, the infliction of pain or the deprivation of life, and followed swiftly on the pronouncement of the sentence. Imprisonment was unknown and unnecessary. With the advance of civilisation the necessity for more careful discrimination in the apportionment of penalties was felt, justice had to be dispensed by the chosen few, and imprisonment as a preliminary to trial was, of a consequence, evolved. From this it was but natural that the length of time a criminal had been awaiting sentence should be considered when his fate was determined upon. Thus it was that what was originally but the safeguarding of a suspected person became regarded as an actual form of punishment.

The rise of offences, which were considered as civil rather than criminal, the contracting of debts, and so forth, led to the delinquent being delivered into bondage to his creditors or to those whom he had injured, so that he might discharge by his labour the obligations which he was unable to meet or to wipe out with the sweat of his brow the wrong which he had done to his fellow citizen. After many years had passed, the idea of restitution passed away, and imprisonment became regarded as solely penal in its operation; it was, in fact, a mode of wreaking vengeance on the offender. It was, however, during the transition to this stage that a secondary use for imprisonment was discovered. The turbulent lords who ruled in the days when might was right found the dungeon a place in which to deposit those captives whom they feared to put to death, yet whose influence they dreaded. The incarceration baron was harmless; the victor was protected from his machinations. As years rolled on the protective use of imprisonment was lost sight of by degrees, the penal use getting the upper hand, till we come to the last century, when all prisoners were regarded as beings little raised above the animals confined in gaols that they might be punished. Modern criminologists, however, have thought out the subject of imprisonment, and it is now recognised that whereas in certain cases incarceration must be made a real punishment, in a very large number of others it must be looked upon merely as a means of protecting society from the baneful influence of confirmed criminals, who must be detained until they have mended their evil ways.

The correct principle which underlies the infliction of punishment is—or, rather, should be—the reformation of the individual criminal; when, therefore, imprisonment is ordered for a term too short to enable any effort at moral change being made in the culprit, the only chance of reforming the sinner is by making him dread a repetition of the sentence. Imprisonment for short periods, therefore, should be really penal. It is useless to hope that seven days in gaol will change the drunkard, or a month's hard labour reform the thief or the wife-beater unless the life of the delinquent is made odious during those days in prison. It has been said that eighteen months is the very shortest time in which any influence can be obtained over even the least hardened of the inmates of our penitentiaries, all imprisonment for shorter periods must therefore of necessity be penal, and in apportioning the severity of the discipline to be undergone due regard must be had to the former status of the malefactor. To the man accustomed to the refinements of daily life the régime in Brixton or Wandsworth would be a very real torment, but to the houseless vagabond, to the child of the slums, it is really far from a place of sorrow. The accommodation, the food, the cleanliness, far surpass anything to which they have previously been accustomed, and instead of leaving gaol with a detestation of the place and a desire to avoid ever again entering its portals, the youthful criminal is only comforted by the thought that, after all, prison is not such a bad place, and when the pinch of hunger again seizes these weak mortals they think with regret on the meals which were supplied inside the prison walls, and little is needed to persuade them to enter them again.

In the case of those who have been sentenced to incarceration for more than eighteen months moral influence must play a part towards their reformation. There must still be a penal period lest prison life be too happy, but when that has been accomplished the convict must be encouraged to work out his

own salvation by elevating influences, starting always with the regenerating and healthy influence of hard work. He must be fited to fight the battle of life, when he leaves the convict station and must be taught to fear a return to gaol not so much for the discomforts which are to be found there as for the loss of honour, of character and of future prospects. To effect this most desirable end there must be less of the automaton system in force in gaols set apart for those sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, inasmuch as the present treatment of convicts tends to crush out any glimmer of intellect which they may possess and convert them into senseless machines, and there must be more sympathy and more study of individual character.

As this earth is not Utopia, however, there will always be some who are impervious to every species of influence, who cannot be reformed either by punishment or by moral influence, and for these it is now proposed to establish separate places of confinement. They are so radically perverted that they are a danger to society, and therefore they must be kept in confinement for the protection of the innocent. Judges have a great aversion to sending these wastrels to long terms of penal servitude for slight offences, though they know that the instant they leave the prison they will certainly revert to crime. Accordingly it is now proposed to set aside one or two convict stations where the discipline will not be as severe as in the present gaols, and where the irreclaimable will be well looked after, and in a measure comfortable. There they will be detained for very long periods, till, in fact, they are too old to hurt society or to lead others into the thorny paths of crime. The knowledge that judges have the power to inflict what will practically be life-long imprisonment on confirmed criminals will certainly have a great effect on the convicts who leave gaols after their first sentence, and will help them to make an effort to be honest lest they be regarded as habitual offenders.

This triple system of inflicting imprisonment—penal, reformatory, and protective—affords much matter for thought. The main difficulty, however, seems to be how to make the protective prisons sufficiently humane without making them attractive to the ordinary convict.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

Four Hundred Years at Law.

WHAT is perhaps the oldest law suit in the world is still in progress in Italy, in the District Court at Trentina. Two small communes, Gallio and Foza, have been in litigation for four centuries over the possession of an extensive tract of woodland. All the while the law proceedings have been going on the wood has not been cut, and now it has assumed the character of a primeval forest. A couple of centuries back the communes strove to decide their difference by force of arms, and several of the sites of battles are pointed out to visitors to this day. As far as can be judged by those fully acquainted with the nature of the claims, the suit is as far from being settled as ever, and may be expected to crop up year by year like a hardy perennial.

Criminal Stupidity.

HERE are a few samples of the trifling mistakes which lead to conviction of criminals. Courvoisier left the plate he had stolen from his murdered master in charge of a woman, whose curiosity led her to examine the parcel. Franz Müller left his hat in the railway carriage in which he murdered Mr. Briggs. The murderers of M. Delahache, having ransacked their victim's safe and stolen a quantity of bank-notes, threw the pocket-book containing the numbers of the notes back into the chest. Mullins was convicted because he used a peculiar species of tape to tie up a parcel containing the spoils of his crime. Dougal might have escaped had he been more wary when he lied. As Judge Wright has said, "criminals do a great many stupid things."

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor
will be pleased to

answer any
suitable questions.

RUSSELL.—Courvoisier was hanged in 1840. His life will shortly appear.
HISTORIAN.—Viscount Stafford was executed for participation in the "Titus Oates" plot on December 29, 1680.

LANCASTER.—It was Alfred Sowrey, hanged by Berry in August, 1887, that fought on the scaffold.
YANKEE.—You are thinking of the "Blue Laws" of Pennsylvania, 1794, which forbid kissing on Sunday.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS. —How many

a strong growth of hair upon some prominent part of her features has not cried out from the depths and bitterness of despair, "Is there no relief for this vile intrusion? Must I live on and on and each day develop more and more into a human monstrosity? Must this deformity become still more unsightly, this burden more oppressive?" The answer heretofore given to this appeal has been far from satisfactory, yet we must all admit that we live in an age of new and wonderful inventions, and one of these I claim. To prove this, send in confidence, a stamped addressed envelope, and I will tell you what it is.—Address, Mrs. NEVILLE, 9, Newington Causeway, London.

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